

WAR \$ CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE **SALVATION ARMY** IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year, No. 24.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH.
Commissioner.

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THE MAELSTROM OF PERDITION.

(See page 4)

Our Missionary Fields.

JAVA.—Social Work Amongst the Natives.

BY MRS. ENSIGN THOMSON.

How strangely the customs of the Chinese and Javanese struck us on our arrival in this land! Wedding processions, funerals, birth festivities, and, in fact, their way of conducting themselves on all occasions, were sources of interest to the new chums. It seemed hardly possible that we could ever become indifferent to such scenes, and yet they are such common sights, and we have seen them so often during our five years' stay in the East, that we scarcely notice them now.

Two rain processions are the latest stir. In the first there were probably 150 to 200 men, all newly dressed, and straggling along in a company headed by a priest. On enquiry we found they were going to the outside of the village to spend the day in prayer for rain, of which there was great need. Rice planting could not go on, and corn and other things could not grow under the present circumstances.

The Salvation Army, remembering the poor, and how much they depended on the rain for their daily bread, prayed also at times for the refreshing showers, but God still withheld what we asked. At last the Mohammedans, after waiting a month for the rain, called together their priests, kadjies, etc., and formed another procession, with probably an addition of 100 or more men. It was striking to see so much earnestness amongst a nation who show so little zeal as a general rule.

Now, as I look around, I see and feel the cooling effects of the long-looked-for rain. The dust that was inches thick all over the place, and that had made it impossible to keep the house even passably clean, is all gone. The thirsty leaves have been washed and refreshed, and the whole place smells sweet and clean, as after a thunderstorm in hot summer weather in far-famed Cobar or Bourge. Thank God for the rain, and for the hopes it has raised in the hearts of our poor, dark-skinned comrades!

In our Social Institutions hope of a different kind has come to many. Some of our inmates came to us without the faintest ray of hope. Their lives, for long, had been made unbearable by loathsome wounds on their limbs, which had in some cases been there for months, and even years. In spite of the native medicines, they were slowly, but surely, getting deeper, and spreading as well. The pain in some cases became so severe that sleep was impossible, and work quite out of the question. Added to this were the pangs of hunger.

Poor creatures! In order to get even a little food, they were obliged to drag their starving, filthy, and almost naked bodies from village to village, where often their own countrymen would turn from them with loathing and disgust.

On their weary rounds, these unfortunates at last met with the Salvation Army. How gladly they lay themselves down to rest in a place they soon came to look upon as home. How gladly they partook of the rice or corn and vegetables, which are provided; and how gratefully they said to us after a day or so: "Since you doctored my foot or leg, I can sleep, and feel much better. Oh, thank you so much!"

We have happy salvation meetings, and though there is at first the same spiritless, worn-out, don't-care-for-anything look, with never a smile, yet gradually we see a look of enjoyment coming over their faces. Then there comes a smile; later on they join in the clapping; then the lips begin to move—yes, they actually begin to sing salvation songs! Lastly, but not least, they make their way to the penitent form, scarcely understanding in any degree what such a step means, but doing it, perhaps, with an idea of pleasing their officers.

With regular food their faces soon become plump, and, under careful treatment, with God's blessing, the wounds heal. Their rags have been exchanged for something better, and now their merry laughter testifies to all who hear

them of happiness that few in this dark land possess. Such is a rough picture of some of our girls and women.

To some salvation is becoming more real, and often in the evening they get up a little prayer meeting on their own account, one of the big girls being recognized leader on such occasions. Thank God, for dark Java a brighter day has dawned. Christ is our hope, and as surely as the rain which has fallen has brought blessing, and will in time result in harvest, so surely will we reap our spiritual harvest by-and-by.

[It will be of interest to our readers to know that Major Glover, who spent some years in Canada, is at present in command of our missionary operations in Java.—Ed.]

SERMONETTES.

Loving Our Neighbor.

The new commandment Christ gave is to love God first, and then our neighbor. No man can live unto himself either actively or passively. Everything that emanates from the life of a human being has influence. Thoughts, words, actions, are the threefold elements of character by which we understand or express our lives. Thoughts must be sound and correct ere our words and actions can influence for good. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If we love the Lord with all our heart and strength, shall we not naturally love our neighbor also? And all we think, and all we say, and all we do will tend towards pleasing our King and benefiting our neighbor. In the great reckoning day we will find that our thoughts, words, and actions have mightily influenced all around us. If we live in Christ our actions will be in harmony with His wishes, and show others how to live, and not be a stumbling-block to those around us.

A minister of the Gospel smoked cigars. There were two church-members, and each had a son, to both of whom had been explained the error of smoking. The boys became old enough to think they were of an age to judge for themselves, and came to the conclusion that anything the minister did could not be very wicked. They accordingly bought some cigars and would sneak away where they would not be seen and smoke to their heart's content. Finally the habit controlled them to such an extent that they were never satisfied without a pipe or a cigar in their mouths. Then they got going to the saloon, began drinking, and in a short time one of them went to a drunkard's grave.

There we see the result of bad example, and how the selfish indulgence of a professed follower of God had disastrous consequences.

O comrades, let us so live that we will not be guilty of misleading poor souls, and remember that to love our neighbor is to do good by him in every respect.—Lionel H. Vought.

Sowing and Reaping.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—GAL. VI. 7.

This reaping is a glaring reality. It is a natural consequence of the sowing.

Reader, do you fully realize what it will mean to you, if you spend your life in sin? A wicked life daily seen by those around you, who are looking to you for an example of righteousness, is appalling, and unless through you it is a question whether they ever will be saved, or to say the least will live on, and reap the fruits of sin for many years unless brought to God through your influence. Have you considered what salvation means, or are you still blind-folded to its true meaning?

There are people in the world to-day who will be speechless when they are requested by God to give an account of their stewardship. Instead of giving an answer, they will cry for the rocks and the mountains to hide them from His presence, all their talents wasted and their lives ill-spent.

Here is the testimony of one who is already reaping what he has sown:

"With one stroke, in an unguarded moment, allowing my temper to control me, I have spoiled a life of usefulness. My days are filled with sorrow, and there is nothing else for me as long as I live. I hope no one will have to witness such a life as I have lived."

These sad words are from a person who is still quite youthful, but old in sin, and is reaping what he has sown.

By direct disobedience to God, people of land themselves into circumstances which completely control them. "In this condition they are bound down by the devil, until death ends their mis-spent lives, and they sink down into perdition."

Our hearts bleed when we see people gaining on in this way, careless and indifferent to the eternal consequences which must result from their sins.

"Dear reader, are you converted? or are you far from God, drifting down day after day to eternal despair?"

The way is plain; we have no extravagant sentences to weave together, but wish simply to tell you that there is still room at the cross. Jesus is waiting to blot out your transgressions and take you into the fold.—Capt. Meeks.

"Showers of Blessing."

All night the gentle raindrops laid
Soft fingers of caressing
On every young and tender blade,
Athirst for "showers of blessing."

Now fields smile back in living green,
The withered earth adorning;
With blossoms scattered in between,
As for her bridal morning.

So, Lord, upon my parched heart,
Thy dewy fingers pressing,
A million tiny blades would start,
That wait for "showers of blessing."

The vivid green of faith new-born
Hope's tender buds would cherish;
And love's consummate flower adorn
A wealth that could not perish.

Dear Lord, my soul's athirst for Thee,
And yearns for Thy caressing;
Oh, lay a gracious hand on me,
And bring down "showers of blessing."

The Greatest of These is Love.

A worker in the Manchester slums tells the story of a whole family completely changed by the presence of a deformed child. The father was a rude working-man, the boys were coarse and uncouth, and the mother, overworked and far from strong, had fallen into untidy habits. But there was born into the home a crippled child, and that deformed baby was the means of drawing out the sympathy, and love, and tenderness of the whole family. The man nursed and petted the child in the evenings; the boys made playthings for her, and showed their affection in all sorts of pleasant ways; the mother kept the window clean, that her child, allowed on the table, might look out on the world. The visitor declared that she witnessed a complete transformation in the family—an elevating and refining process went right through the whole household. Surely love is the greatest of these.

Prayer.

Archbishop Leighton, being once in great danger riding on horseback, he lost his way in a thicket, and, overcome with hunger and fatigue, began to think his situation desperate. He dismounted and knelt down to pray. With implicit confidence he resigned his soul to God, entreating, however, if it was not the Divine pleasure for him then to conclude his days some way of deliverance might be opened. Then remounting he threw the reins upon the horse's neck, leaving it to the guidance of an ever watchful Providence. The animal made his way straight to the high-road, threading all the mazes of wood with unerring certainty.

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The General in the Quaker City.

Philadelphia Thoroughly Roused—Wonderful Manifestations of Divine Favor, Resulting in One Hundred and Forty-One Souls at the Cross.

IT was at 12.45 p.m. the train, bearing the General and his staff from Washington, rolled into the great track shed of the Pennsylvania station. There had been some uncertainty during the morning as to just what train the party was to take from the Capital; nevertheless, quite a little knot of Salvationists were gathered about the gates, who, as the General, flanked by the Commander and Consul, emerged from the train platform, saluted him affectionately, and received an answering salute.

Arriving at his billet the General plunged straightway into work. Reporters of the various city newspapers solicited an interview, and fatigued as he had been, the General not only received them, but for perhaps half an hour delighted them with his animated, vivid conversation.

"My!" remarked one of

THE KNIGHTS OF THE QUILL,

as they came down the hotel steps afterwards, "wouldn't it be a picnic if all the great men were as pleasant to interview as General Booth is?"

Evidently his brethren of the press were of like mind; for every important paper of the city, both morning and evening, contained not only favorable, but highly appreciative, accounts of this interview, referring to the General and his life-work in terms of commendation and eulogy that rang clear with sincerity.

It had been announced that the premier meeting of the series, to be held on the Saturday night, at the Thirteenth and Vine Street Methodist Church, was to be a quasi-private one, reserved for Salvationists, former Salvationists, and actual backsliders, but good-sized as the church is, it was packed to the doors long before the meeting opened. There was a fine showing of Salvationists from Philadelphia and points adjacent, who were so urgent in their determination that it was found impossible to deny them and to preserve the original intention of the meeting.

Of course there was a whirl of wild enthusiasm when the General and staff entered. Really, these Philadelphians, awake, are very wide awake, indeed; the soberest of the fine old Quaker element, which was well represented in the meeting, "turned themselves loose" with as much fire and abandon as any Army veteran.

Commander Booth-Tucker took the lead of the meeting, both in the opening song and in the fervid prayer poured forth by him that the Army might in truth be a holy people.

To frequent outbursts of applause Colonel Lawley sang one of his characteristic songs, with the refrain, "Be blood-and-fire," then the General stepped to the pulpit.

THE GENERAL'S ADDRESS.

Needless to speak of the tumult that straightway arose, actually setting the staunch old church to vibrating. But the General, like a war-horse scenting battle, was eager for the fray, and presently quieting the audience, entered upon his subject.

He spoke of the gratifying enthusiasm that everywhere met him during his tour; he referred to the signal victories of his Washington campaign, just concluded; he laid bare the deep-reaching, peculiar tenderness with which he has long regarded the American people and his gratitude for their affection, and then promising that he might both wound and heal some who sat before him, set to work.

Work it was—no less. He analysed the feelings of many of his auditors with the accuracy of a chemist; he dissected their motives as with the skilled hand of a surgeon; he probed, he laid bare, he cauterized, he seemed literally to cleave between the joint and the marrow, showing a perception, a knowledge of human motives that was positively masterful.

It was a meeting of peculiarly moving tenderness. Forty-five souls claimed victory in the end, of whom thirty were backsliders.

Sunday Morning.

Oh, what a grievous dawn, and what a sorrowful day! Before daybreak the rain set in, and throughout the whole day never for a moment did the steady downpour cease.

And yet, forbidding as was the weather, it is open to doubt if Philadelphia ever before saw a series of religious meetings to equal either in attendance, fervor or results those that the General conducted at the Auditorium. From first to last they were simply magnificent, stupendous, overwhelming.

At 11 o'clock the big theatre was wholly filled on the floor and in the boxes, and the balcony had few, if any, seats to spare.

Despite the weather, despite fatigue, the General was full of fire, even from the moment when he gave out the opening song, and after Colonel Higgins had led the hearts of the audience to the Throne of grace in prayer, and Colonel Lawley had stirred these hearts further with song, the instant the General began his sermon it was palpable to all that he was kindled from on high.

The theme of his address built itself around the phrase, "Thy will be done," in the Lord's prayer. He led his hearers, in spirit, back to the days, fifty-seven years ago, when he himself, a lad in his teens, was confronted with the inevitable command embodied in that petition; in words that were as vivid with color as the pigments of a painter, he showed them the struggle that went on in his young soul, and with

A SPLENDID BURST OF POETIC IMAGERY

described the glories of the triumphs when at his faithful plea God came in and took full possession of him.

It is impossible to describe the vivid intensity, the impassioned warmth with which he laid down and elaborated the axiom that only in so far as it is God's will in us is it either safe or right to act upon the will at all. He cited numerous illustrations of this fact, both from history and from his own observations, and capped them with an exquisitely-moving reference to the late martyred President, who, even in the throes of oncoming death, could yield himself utterly to the will of God.

There seemed to be no aspect of his theme which he did not touch, and in touching, illuminate. His grasp of detail, his intimate perception of the innermost things of the soul and will, above all the splendid confirmation of his own career, shook his hearers as with a Divine penetration.

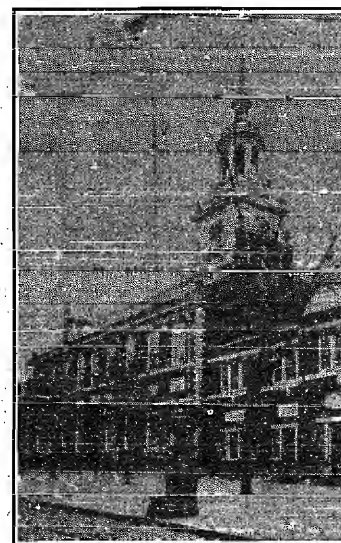
Closing with a splendid outburst in which literally it seemed the man's spirit was lifted out of him, the General sat down amid a silence that could almost be felt. Under Colonel Lawley's skilful lead the prayer meeting immediately began, and while the venerable white head of God's great militant saint was bowed in supplication, first one, then a second, and third penitent came forward. Major Cox prayed, the fishers went forth.

What a burst of hallelujahs! For at the end twenty-five souls knelt at the mercy seat.

Afternoon.

What a splendid, what a magnificent audience—and yet the rain pelted down outside implacably! Not a vacant seat in the house, and when the Commander opens the meeting there are two or three hundred people standing.

An employee of the theatre volunteered the information that most of the best blood of Philadelphia was represented in the audience, while on the stage certainly the prominence of the gentlemen in attendance was not to be questioned.



Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Sitting in the chair, as presiding official, was the Rev. Russell Conwell, D.D., the widely-known pastor of the Baptist Temple.

Following a most moving prayer by the Consul, the Commander introduced Dr. Conwell, who, with peculiar felicity of expression, welcomed the General on behalf of the doctor's fellow-citizens. It was Dr. Conwell's sixtieth birthday, and he felt it indeed a unique and honorable celebration that he should on that day present General Booth to this audience. He drew a very happy parallel between

THE GENERAL AND GIDEON,

Israel's triumphant warrior-leader, and in brief, pithy language expressed his admiration for the organization that this wonderful, world-wide leader of men had, under God, created.

Many were the daintily-gloved hands, as well as the broader-palmed, uncovered ones, that broke out in applause as the General advanced, and of a truth those same hands, gloved and ungloved, were often busy during the address.

There were those present who had many times heard General Booth speak; sitting in the box with the writer were a gentleman and lady, the latter of exceptional intelligence, who had frequently listened to the General, but these, in common with all the rest, did not hesitate to assert that never had they known him to rise to such heights as during this afternoon.

They were probably right. The subject, to be sure, was one that ever lies close to the General's heart, for it was the rise and development of the Salvation Army; but even so, it is doubtful if ever before in dealing with it he did it more justice than on this afternoon.

It was as if the General had flung out an electric impulse which at will he could turn now this way, now that; but which invariably kindled an incandescent glow in every mind and heart within its radius. He flashed, as it were, message after message through the pulsing atmosphere, like the famous Marconigrams, each and every one found lodgment in the hearts he had attuned to their reception.

When, in his peroration, with a final superb burst of splendid intensity he reminded his auditors that for him the night was rapidly approaching, that only God could say if he should ever again address them, and when he appealed to them as individuals to set their own hands, and hearts, and lives to the work which perchance he must soon lay down, the thrill that passed visibly over the audience was a thing to remember for many a day to come.

In asking for a collection—in which she was impressively seconded by Dr. Conwell—the Consul took occasion to pay a tribute of rarely sweet filial tenderness and womanhood to the General, and to speak of the great results already grown out of his visit, after which the Commander dismissed the meeting.

Evening.

Still the storm raged pitilessly, the streets were swimming with water; yet before seven o'clock the entrance to the Auditorium was blocked with a solid mass of human beings. At 7.45 every seat, every legitimate inch of standing room even, was taken, while still a solid phalanx of new-comers passed in through the outer doors. Having regard for the law, therefore, the attendants were reluctantly compelled to close the doors, outside which by 8.30 nearly 700 people stood, hoping that the police captain in charge might relent and let them in.

The Commander opened the meeting; again, to the hearty applause of the audience, Colonel Lawley sang his way into every heart, and with that artlessness of which he is past master, soon had even the most rigidly respectable singing joyously with him in the chorus. Philadelphia must be rich in Army song-books to-day, for during these meetings they sold like the proverbial hot-cakes.

No sooner had the song concluded and Colonel Higgins made the necessary announcements, than unfagging, unwearied, the General was on his feet urging the people to appreciate with him the solemnity of the occasion—the last present, perhaps the last eternal opportunity given him to hold up Christ before them.

Taking as his text Elijah's stern command of Ahab and his recreant people, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" he pressed it home with grave insistence upon those before him.

Truly the vigor, the intensity, the fundamental originality of the man of seventy are things to marvel at. Untiring, apparently tireless; the centre, the dynamic influence of two intensely fatiguing meetings already that day—and under the most depressing climatic influences, too—he was yet to-night as full of force, of fire, of incisive energy as an athlete fresh from training. As he paced restlessly to and fro, ever and anon pausing to fling out that relentless challenge: "How long halt ye?" he was the embodiment of apostolic energy.

The General's irony is a thing delicious to listen to; so gravely it is launched, so subtly does it pierce. In that afternoon he had given an exquisitely-keen and sustained sample of it in speaking of certain members of the insect kingdom, and again to-night he sped a shaft at the expense of the shilly-shally, whether in philosophy or religion.

Tears stood, brimming and unashamed, in many an eye as this battle-worn warrior of God bade them farewell, and called down heaven's blessing upon them.

And now began a scene that set Salvationists' hearts a-dancing. Responsive to the appeal, two souls came out; in five minutes there were ten kneeling; in ten minutes there were thirty; ten minutes later the count had passed fifty. Jubilation was writ large on every comrade's face, but when at the evening's close it was announced that seventy-one souls had found their Saviour, joy broke bounds in a shout the angels must have been glad to hear. The grand total of souls for the series of meetings was 141—an offering to lay before his Lord that must have sent the General happily to his rest that Sunday night.

THE GENERAL AT WORCESTER.

Friday, Feb. 20th, was a very severe day—one of those days which compel you to rub your ears, clap your hands, stamp your feet, and move about at express rate for the purpose of conquering King Frost, so as to prevent him freezing your ears, toes, nose, and hands—and yet in the teeth of this, believe me, the band, the soldiers, the officers, and friends, and the crowd, waited for solid hours, in the dark, bleak depot, for the purpose of giving their honored General a red-hot welcome to their city.

The train that brought our leader to Worcester was running late, but when the iron horse, covered with snow and ice, and with fire flying from its nostrils, entered the station, the pent-up enthusiasm burst loose, and for a minute or

two the mighty depot sounded and re-sounded with volleys of welcome and Hallelujahs of praise.

As for the meeting itself, I don't think we can do better than quote from the Worcester Daily Telegram:

"General William Booth, head of the Salvation Army, got a royal welcome from Worcester last night in the Mechanics' Hall.

"The audience which greeted the aged founder of the real church militant numbered 1,500, packing the auditorium and two sides of the galleries. The platform, from which he gave an address which lasted an hour and a half, was crowded with Worcester clergymen and representative citizens, and a number of high Salvation Army officers from England and America.

"Commander Booth-Tucker presided, but the speaker was introduced to the audience in a brief speech by G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, who entertained General Booth and his English officers during their stay in Worcester.

"The hall was filled by eight o'clock. Shortly after, General Booth came in, on the arm of President G. Stanley Hall. The audience applauded, and the Salvation Army band, placed on one wing of the stage, gave salute.

"After a few words of greeting from Commander Booth-Tucker, a song was sung by Colonel John Lawley, chief aide to General Booth. After this, at the request of Commander Booth-Tucker, President Hall made a brief speech of introduction. He said in part:

"I cannot help recalling to-night my first acquaintance with the Salvation Army, many years ago. I remember how uncertain I was about their military ways, their singing on the streets, and their light military music, to which one seemed to want to dance. I don't know that I liked the bonnets the lassies wore, but I know now that I like the Army. It reaches a class which no other organization reaches. It has found new methods of approach, and new methods of fighting the devil hand to hand. It is about thirteen years ago that in this same hall I had the pleasure of introducing Henry M. Stanley. You know what a great work he did. His book was then about to be published. That book recalls another which made as great a sensation in the thinking world, that recently published by General Booth.

"Your hearts, I know, cordially greet General Booth to-night. His vigor and enthusiasm suggest perennial youth, though his years admonish us that this may be the last time we shall see him in Worcester.

"The audience rose to a man when the General stood up to speak; the band saluted him, and the Worcester corps did likewise.

"The General overshadowed everything and everyone. Tall and straight, despite his many years, with the long white hair and beard of a prophet, keen, clear eyes, ready to fill with fire, and with the nose of a commander of men, he looked the patriarch. He proved a master of plain speech. He showed a wit which at times convulsed his audience. At other times, with a fervent gesture, and a dozen hurried words, he tore hearts with emotion."

But for ninety minutes the General held the crowd spell-bound. Scarcely a soul moved until the benediction had been sung, and as the congregation turned their faces toward the cold, bleak night, and fought their way home through ice and snow, they, I am sure, pondered the General's story over in their hearts and minds, and resolutions were made that, by the grace of God, they too, would do something towards saving the perishing world and glorifying God.—Colonel Lawley.

ODDS AND ENDS.—The Local Officers of Tweed are working hard to regain the property at Tweed that was originally built for Salvation warfare in that place, but was never properly deeded to the Salvation Army.—Bandmaster Greene, of Peterboro, is doing splendidly with the Peterboro band.—The I. S. work of Montreal I. are arranging a free tea for the poor of the city, through the kindness of an interested friend.—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ayre are farreaching and going to rest, owing to the serious condition of the Staff-Captain's health.

The Maelstrom of Perdition.

(To our frontispiece.)

Off the rocky coast of Norway; between two islands, is situated a strong whirlpool of waters, called the Maelstrom. From times immemorable tales have been told of its treacherous waters. The fisherman caught in the eddying eddy of its outer current does not realize that he is carried with a strong stream. But suddenly he sees that the strokes of his oars, or the pressure on the tiller of his smack, do not answer to the course. In ever-narrowing circles he is carried toward the yawning vortex of the maelstrom, until with silent swiftness the black waters draw him down into the death embrace of the sea. No sailor or fisherman enters the maelstrom deliberately to get drowned, even though a few, in a moment of foolish bravado, have dared to attempt its navigation, but have paid for it with their lives.

The surging of life round us is like the restless motion of the ocean waves. The billows of excitement rise often mountains high, and carry on their crest the multitudes of the thoughtless, careless, and godless crowd. There they enter the ripples of the shore to lave their feet. The thrill of seeming harmless pleasure is upon them, and they give themselves to the satisfying of the newly-acquired tastes. Gradually the froth and exhilaration of first amusements pall and more exciting indulgences are found. So the waters of pleasure rise, as the victims of worldliness advance. Drink and gambling grow upon the man, thirst for diversion upon the woman. On they go from harmless pleasure into forbidden enjoyments, into vice, into deceit, and into crime, until the waters of hell encompass them, and after a wild last struggle, and one shriek of despair, perdition claims another soul.

Watchman, what of your duty? Can you look on and see the multitudes rush unheeded into the eddies of that fearful maelstrom of perdition? No, you can't afford it; you must not allow it. Up! Blow ye the trumpet! Tell the giddy world of the fearful depth beyond the harmless ripples; tell them of the ever-tightening chain of sin, which has laid hold upon them. Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save, the fountain of living waters to quench their thirst, the pleasure of doing one's duty, the thrilling experience of knowing the smile of God to be upon you and your work, and the never-fading pleasures of an eternity in the courts of indescribable glory, without sin or fear, or sorrow, or night.

We must save sinners! Let there be no more breaking down of faith because of difficulties. We must have souls! God is anxious to save, we are saved to save; what, then, can hinder? Let us arouse the sleeping soul, alarm the indifferent, caution the hardened, plead with the deep-dyed, and pray with them all until the flood-gates of heaven burst the bonds of a sin-barred soul and let salvation enter into possession.

The Inexhaustible Scriptures.

The very idea of such a book, which is for all men, and for all the life of every man, is that it should have treasures which it does not give up at once, secrets which it yields slowly, and only to those that are its intimates; with rich waving harvests on its surface, but with precious veins of metal hidden far below, and to be attained only by search and labor. Nothing would be so fatal to its lasting influence, to the high purposes which it is meant to serve, as for any to be able to feel that he had used it up, that he had worked it through, that henceforth it had no "fresh" or "pastures new" to which to invite him to-morrow. Even where this did not utterly repel him, where he maintained the study of this book as a commanded duty, his chief delight and satisfaction in the handling of it would have departed; he no longer would draw water with joy from these wells of salvation, for they would be to him fresh fountains no more.—Archbishop Trench.

Siege

Staff-Captain

The tour of the Capt. Manton, there been an impetus to gain received a warning greeted by speech and addresses were excellent reports of a return visit with his many friends

Eastern

The Cadets boys splendid send-off united. Full hour Campbellton. C beyond Levis. M Halifax, conducting series of meetings also visited. Siege

A G

We had a beautiful yesterday, Reconciliation holiness and one and deep conviction Treasurer, for Cap

A Day

The Siege has been a day of business meeting one The afternoon meeting Siege lines. At our hearts. Mrs sang, and the Cor which left its impression who listened. Two for pardon, and convicted. One young conviction that he nearly an hour.—E

Siege Com

Owen Sound co-teen at knee-drill, God. In the after Esau's reconciliation hearts. At night was read, and the cross.—J. McCann

Rushed to

Wallaceburg.—S Three in the found One ex-soldier man form while the sol prayer meeting be He got blessedly st in the meeting after

The Siege

Siege commenced at knee-drill. Cro Interest high. Ro Staff-Capt. G. Milling. Working an Elah.

The Siege

Siege soldiers' Seventy present. the part of soldiers. The band in the le program for the Si

THE THERMOMETER OF LOVE.

to see God's work revived. Sister H. Kincaide farewelled at this meeting for the Training Garrison. She leaves with the fullest confidence of us all.—A. Goodwin, Staff-Capt.

COURAGE,

"Be strong, and of a good courage."—DEUT.
xxxi. 7.

In all pursuits of life, in order to be successful, men and women need to be courageous, whether in worldly or spiritual affairs. We find, in reading about the Children of Israel, that courage was very essential in their case. When God put Joshua at the head of the great army of Israel to lead them into the promised land, He told him three distinct times to be strong and of a good courage. Joshua's success depended upon that, and to-day our success depends largely upon our being able to face our battles and difficulties with a brave heart. How many lives have been ruined, not because they intended to, but they have become disheartened, when just at that time the devil has brought all his power to bear upon them, and down they have gone under the temptation, "prisoners to Giant Despair," when, if they had only trusted in God, instead of themselves, and gone forward courageously in His might, He would have brought them off more than conquerors.

How often we see the lack of courage among the people who come to our meetings night after night. One man said to me some time ago, in dealing with him about his soul, "Captain, I'd rather face the mouth of a cannon any day than the penitent form—I haven't got the courage." And how true it is. Men will dare anything for the honor of their country, yet when it comes to having courage to stand for God, they are afraid. I admit it takes far more courage to swim against the tide than it does to swim with it; yet with the help and power of God, there need be nothing too hard for us to do, for has He not promised that His grace shall be sufficient?

We had a beautiful beginning of the Siege yesterday, Reconciliation Sunday. Nineteen for holiness and one for salvation. Good crowds and deep conviction. Believing for target.—Treasurer, for Capt. Gravette.

The Siege has been taken up heartily. Sunday was a day of reconciliation, and in the holiness meeting one man sought a clean heart. The afternoon meeting was conducted on strict Siege lines. At night God came very near to our hearts. Mrs. LeCocq and Lieut. Porter sang, and the Commissioner's letter was read, which left its impression on the minds of those who listened. Two women knelt at the cross for pardon, and many others were deeply convicted. One young man was so overcome by conviction that he lay prostrate on the seat for nearly an hour.—Ensign LeCocq.

Owen Sound commenced the Siege with fifteen at knee-drill, one of the number seeking God. In the afternoon the story of Jacob and Esau's reconciliation was backed home to many hearts. At night the Commissioner's message was read, and we closed with one man at the cross.—J. McCann, Ensign.

Wallaceburg.—Siege started in earnest. Three in the fountain for cleansing this week. One ex-soldier made a rush for the penitent form while the soldiers were having a red-hot prayer meeting before the march. Hallelujah! He got blessedly saved, and testified to the fact in the meeting afterwards.

Siege commencement successful. Sixty-one at knee-drill. Crowded meetings. One soul. Interest high. Renewed consecration of all. Staff-Capt. G. Miller and Ensign Arnold leading. Working and believing for a break.—Elah.

Siege soldiers' meeting a record-breaker. Seventy present. Great interest manifested on the part of soldiers. Pledge Cards freely signed. The band in the lead in this. We have a good program for the Siege campaign, and we wait

Some may ask: "How are we to get this courage?" Let me say that it is all to be found in God. Rely on His strength continually and fear will be banished, when we come to an end of self and march forward in Christ. Then there will be no holding back, but on the other hand we shall be strong and courageous, going forward conquering and to conquer. May He help us.

*"Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror."*

Capt. Annie Hurst,
Rossland, B.C.

A few extracts on this very necessary qualification may be of value, especially at this time when the Siege is on and the war is raging.

"To stand with a smile on your face, against a stake from which you cannot get away—that, no doubt, is heroic. To stand unchained, with perfect liberty to go away, held only by the higher claims of *duty*, and let the fire creep up to the heart—this is heroism."

"Your grace has not the organ of animal courage largely developed," said a phrenologist who was examining Wellington's head.

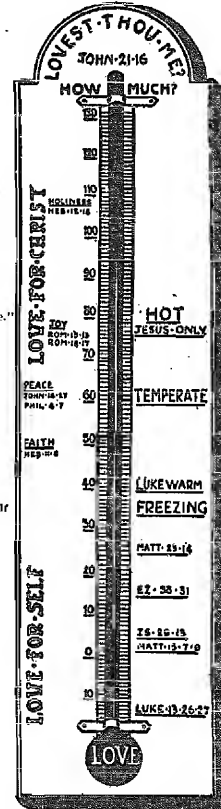
"You are right," replied the Iron Duke, "and but for my sense of duty I should have retreated in my first fight."

That fight on an Indian battlefield was the most terrible on record.

Two French officers were advancing at Waterloo to charge a greatly superior force. One observing the other turn pale and show signs of fear, said:

"Yes I am," was the reply, "and if you were half as much frightened you would run away."

In takes courage to do your duty in silence



"None of
self, but
all of Thee."

“Less of
self and
more of
Thee.”

"Some of
self and

"All of self
and none
of Thee."

and obscurity, while it may be others grow and prosper by neglecting sacred obligations. Peter was courageous enough to draw his sword to defend his Master, but he could not stand the *ridicule* and *scorn* of the maidens in the High Priest's Hall, and he actually denied the acquaintance of the Master he had declared he would die for.

“Storms may howl around thee,
Foes may hunt and hound thee;
Shall they over-power thee?
Never, never, never!”

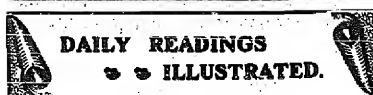
—Ocean Waves.

Let me be strong in the knowledge that my weakness gives God the opportunity to use His strength in and through me.

The Post of Duty.—You have your work to do for Christ wherever you are. Are you on a sick bed? Still you have work to do for Christ there as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the mid-day sun. Live for Christ wherever you are.

Remember: One act of charity teaches us more of the love of God than a thousand sermons; one act of unselfishness, or real self-denial, the putting forth of one loving feeling to the outcast and those who are out of the way, is worth more than whole volumes of the wisest writers on theology. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more. Give liberally somewhere in God's name and in God's cause.—Sel.

Our comrades at Tilt Cove, Nfld., have finished and opened a fine new schoolhouse. The building will be used on Sundays for the Junior meetings. Fortune corps also opened a new schoolhouse on March 1st. Twillingate has altered their building so that it is equivalent to new.



DAILY READINGS ILLUSTRATED.

SUNDAY.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live."
—Ps. civ. 33.

David, by this expression, gives proof, as by a multitude of others, that he believed in singing. Salvationists are right in line with the Psalmist in this respect. Who shall say, on that great day of reckoning, whether more have been brought into the Kingdom through preachments or song? The Army boasts of many hundreds of good song writers. The famous "Lily of the Valley" was composed by the late Bandmaster Fry. I suppose next to Charles Wesley as a hymn-writer, in point of numbers, if not in merit, is Fanny Crosby. The former is said to have written about 6,700 hymns, while the latter has written over 4,000. The best known of them begins with the lines—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

She was born in the State of New York, seventy-seven years ago, and has been totally blind since infancy.

MONDAY.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—DAN. xii. 3.

The business of a Salvation Soldier is soul-saving. Sad to say, we are prone to lapse into indifference concerning the matter.

In 1867, when Garibaldi went on his way to Rome, he was told that as soon as he arrived he would be imprisoned. He replied: "If fifty Garibaldis are imprisoned, what does that matter? Let Rome be free!"

Oh, for such enthusiasm in the battle for Jesus, that thousands may rise up who shall say: "It matters nothing what becomes of me, so that sinners may be free!"

TUESDAY.

"As for God, His way is perfect; the word of the Lord is tried."—Ps. xviii. 30.

It is a common thing to test certain articles of merchandise by different devices, and it is often the case that their value is largely increased after they have been proved. If we were to judge God's Holy Word in a like manner we could claim for it tests far more severe and exacting than anything which has been pronounced upon by men. The promises contained in the Bible have been put to the test again and again, which at all times have been sure foundations for the believer.

Jonathan Edwards was converted through reading a single verse in the New Testament. He was at home in his father's house, and having nothing to do went listlessly into the library. The sight of a dull volume, with no title on the back, roused his curiosity as to what it could be. He opened it at random, found it was a Bible, and his eye caught the verse, "Now unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever, Amen." He tells us in his journal that out of the consideration of this verse grew a desire to love and serve the mighty King, which resulted in his conversion.

WEDNESDAY.

"The patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit."—ECCLES. vii. 8.

Patience in all matters of life is a virtue we might well covet. We learn that Gibbon worked twenty years on his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Noah Webster spent thirty-six years on his dictionary. What a sublime patience he showed in devoting a life to the collection and definition of words! George Bancroft spent twenty-six years on his "History of the United States." Newton wrote his "Chronology of Ancient Nations" fifteen times. Titian wrote to Charles V.: "I send Your Majesty my painting of the Lord's Supper, after working on it almost daily for fifteen years."

George Stephenson was fifteen years perfecting his locomotive. Watt spent twenty years on his condensing engine. Newton discovered the law of gravitation when he was twenty-three; but a slight error in measuring the earth's circumference interfered with a demonstration of the correctness of his theory. Twenty years later he corrected the error, and showed that the planets rolled in their orbits as a result of the same law which brings an apple to the ground.

THURSDAY.

"Let us love one another, for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 JOHN iv. 7.

As a beam of sunlight sent through a room will at once reveal numberless moths floating through the air of the room, so a ray of Divine love let into the heart will immediately make visible to us a cloud of imperfections of which we were before entirely unaware.

FRIDAY.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. v. 16.

There are many ways in which we can let our light shine for Christ—too numerous to mention. A holy life is, however, the most essential way of shining for Jesus.

A man was asked, some time ago, if his work-mate was a Salvationist. "Yes," said he in reply; as there was nothing in the mate's dress to indicate that he was a Salvation Soldier, the enquirer was anxious to know how the interrogated one could tell. "Oh, I know by his eyes," was the reply. "He has the eyes of a Salvationist."

SATURDAY.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."—MATT. xxii. 37.

Love to God rises in the heart of a saved man in proportion to the sense which he maintains of his own sinfulness on the one hand, and of the mercy of God on the other. He who lacks love lacks all other graces in proportion as he lacks this. As the root of love strikes down unseen into the ground of a man's heart, the branch that bears fruit of the other graces rises higher and higher.

EVOLUTION OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

JAPAN.—(Continued.)

THE "TOKI-NO-KOYE" (WAR CRY).

Almost immediately upon the arrival of our officers in Japan they commenced publishing a fortnightly War Cry. The circulation increased remarkably, in one year having risen from a fortnightly issue of 3,560 to 8,300, and special issues running up to a circulation of 15,800. As these figures are not as up-to-date as we would have desired, it is altogether likely the circulation will be a trifle greater at the present time. However, the figures given go to prove that the Publishing Department of the S. A. is moving in the right direction in the land of the Mikado.

The War Cry has also been slightly enlarged and improved, both with regard to the illustrations and general get-up, so that now it takes a leading place among the religious journals of the nation.

The number that created the greatest measure of interest was the Special Rescue Number, referred to previously, which was largely instrumental in creating the agitation respecting "free cessation" that resulted in a satisfactory change in the licensed system, which we have already described.

Adj. Yamamuro is the Editor of Toki-no-Koye, and though the whole get-up of his War Cry differs in language, character of type, and

illustration, from ours, yet he manages to fill its columns full of terse salvation truths, making this fortnightly journal no small factor in bringing to Christ the sons and daughters of Japan. A further line or two concerning this energetic Editor will not be out of place here. Be-



Bedded facsimile of "The Common People's Gospel" in Japanese. Published by the Salvation Army.

fore the advent of the S. A. in Japan he was to be found tearing out the leaves of his Bible and pressing them into the hands of the indifferent. He was not able to go in for more expensive tracts, and he availed himself of this means of getting good reading into the hands of sinners.

He also wrote "The Common People's Gospel."

Very early in the history of Salvation Army warfare in Japan, its officers became acquainted with the difficulty of getting inquirers and converts to understand the plan and purposes of God's great salvation. The language used by the Bible translators, and the many theological phrases connected with the Christian religion, are not such as can be easily grasped by the common people without considerable study and trouble. It has ever been a guiding principle with the Salvation Army that the love of God to sinners should be told in natural, every-day language. The thoroughness of the Biblical teaching of this book, its simplicity of language, the aptness and profuseness of illustrations, combined with the godly zeal of the writer, make the book invaluable to Salvationists and Christian workers throughout Japan. It is especially suitable for dissemination among the working classes.

Following the Light.

The best lighthouse ever built would not be any advantage to a sailor who refused to steer by its light. Jesus is the true light, but He cannot help the man or woman who does not follow Him.

Nobody likes to walk over an unfamiliar road in the dark, because ones does not know what dangers are about, nor at what moment one may make a mis-step. But Jesus has said those who walk with Him along life's pathway shall not walk in darkness.

The flickering light of the will-o'-the-wisp has led a traveler from the highway into a marsh. It is not safe to follow every light you see; Jesus is the only true Guide.

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look to heaven, and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing can find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come!"

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

—Sister Francis.

Heaven's Royalty.

BY ADJT. C. A. PERRY.

"The Queen is dead!" This sad announcement, some two years ago, went broadcast throughout the British Empire—nay, throughout the world—followed by universal sorrow.

One of the world's greatest and most beloved sovereigns had crossed the bar that everybody, rich and poor alike, must at some time cross.

Nations mourned, for she who had passed away was greatly beloved. Her death was very much felt, as demonstrated by the representatives of all nations at the funeral. People, especially of high position, cannot die without necessitating certain changes. Among those that custom and law demand by reason of a sovereign's death is that at the accession of the new monarch the children of that sovereign take a place of precedence above the princes and princesses who hitherto had held places of honor. Yet even royalty must be obedient to the requirements of the law, and though it may not be always pleasant, the change must take place.

Deaths at times alter social position sometimes as far as earthly royalty is concerned, but not so with heaven's royalty. When we become heirs of God and adopted into the royal family of the skies, nothing can change our position excepting disobedience to the Divine laws that govern that family. If we obey the Heavenly Father's will we continue His heirs. No power of man can rob us of our heritage, and no change in this fleeting life need affect our relationship to God.

How things do change on earth. People cannot depend upon social position. The rich man of to-day may be poor to-morrow. The prince or princess of precedence yesterday may, by reason of monarchical changes, give their place to another to-day. Life's joys and honors are but transitory. Its positions fail, its honors fade. Not so with the honors of the Christian. Our heirship can no man claim—"We are accepted in the Beloved, in whom also we have obtained an inheritance."

We have to humble ourselves to be exalted, for as the Word states "before honor is humility." Christ humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God hath also exalted Him. We also read, "Humble yourselves, therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time." "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." To share His shame and suffer for His sake here means by-and-by to share His honor and be partakers of heavenly joy. What an exalted position for a child of God to reign with Jesus Christ. No earthly throne or dominion can

compare with it. We are heirs already, having obtained the seal of the promise, but are just waiting the crowning. Sealed and brought into divine relationship, we press our face toward the skies.

Heirs to earthly kingdoms have been known to forfeit their claim through some act not considered in keeping with royalty's demands. If by wilful disobedience we forfeit our right to the heavenly kingdom we only have ourselves to blame. No money will buy it back. Good works will not merit a passport into heaven's throne-room.

Through God's abundant mercy, however, we are told that humble and submissive and renewed allegiance to Him will bring back to us His favor. Unlike many earthly monarchs, God has deigned to reinstate us into our former position of heirship. God's Kingdom established in the hearts of men, here on earth, is a kingdom of righteousness, and the man must be righteous to be obedient to the laws that govern it.

Though these laws are inexorable, yet after all His burden is light, for love is the fulfilment of the law.

The man who is subservient to God's will likes to do the things that God wishes him to do, when love possesses His being, and there is a perfect union of government and obedience. The worldling boasts of freedom, but a man is only free when he chooses what God chooses for him.

Seeing we are children of the King, let us more than ever prize our relationship, hold on to our title, and not swerve in our allegiance to God, knowing that we shall be among the crowned in His Kingdom.

Then shall we be a part of heavenly royalty, reigning with Him who suffered death to bring us into that exalted position.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, during one of his visits to Central Africa, wrote of Mackay, the hero of Uganda:

"If any man had ever reason to be doubtful and lonely and sad, Mackay had, when Mwanga, after murdering his bishop, and burning his pupils, and slaying his converts, turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind, working day after day for so many years, bravely, and without a syllable of complaint, and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's lovingkindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment one derives from it."

Mackay himself shortly afterwards fell a martyr to the climate, but thousands call his name blessed who were led into the light through his efforts.

Extremes Meet.

Salvationist: "What you need is a new heart."
Tramp: "Don't talk religion to me. Religion is only for women and children. I've got along without it all my life. See?"

You have got along without it, you say.
And your word, for a wonder, is true—
For which of the children of God, do you think,
Has come down to the level of you?

You have got along without it, no doubt—
But you're sick in your body and soul;
From your mouth, and your head, to your heart,
You can boast of no member that's whole.

You have got along without it, until
You have not so much farther to go
To prove that the wages of sin is death,
And that men always reap as they sow.

We have neither silver nor gold to give,
But would like you to understand,
If you're willing to come with a contrite heart,
We are willing to lend you a hand.

ADJT. PHILLIPS.

The Army Suit of Blue.

Adj. Patterson, the Assistant Trade Secretary, was not aware, of course, that anyone was taking particular note of his story for the benefit of War Cry readers, but it was such an interesting description of his struggles with the uniform question that the writer could not do otherwise than put the particulars in such shape that a larger crowd than that which heard the story should have the benefit of his early experiences.

"Before I got saved," remarked the Adjutant, "I was one of those fellows who had a particular liking for a full-dress coat, a pair of light pants, a gold watch-chain, and a decent-looking hat. But the Army penitent form made a decided change in my wearing apparel. This didn't come about all at once, of course not. It was at the suggestion of an energetic comrade that I sent away to Headquarters for a Maple Leaf Shield. I arrived in due course, all shining and bright, and forthwith I placed it upon my breast. The shield seemed to be so abnormally large that I thought as I walked down the street I was attracting the attention of everyone. I fancied it was the size of a plate. The wearing of uniform was decidedly a heavy cross at first. No small undertaking was it for me to jump on my locomotive with this decoration. But I stuck to the uniform, and the S. A., and God blessed me in so doing. Although difficulties loomed up mountains high, they were but molehills when I really came up to them. For example, the devil made matters look very dark for me, and gave me to understand that I should be generally shunned by my companions. Judge my surprise on one occasion when I asked one of my chums to attend a meeting, for him to readily accept my invitation. My uniform at all times told what side I was on, and eventually came to command the respect of all. Yes, I believe in the uniform for many reasons—it is a safe-guard to young converts, and tells one and all which side they are on. Oftentimes they might not have the courage to speak, but the uniform is a silent witness. The uniform is a great protection, especially to our lassie-officers and soldiers. In the worst slums our officers can go without being subject to insults.

And not only are there very great advantages to the wearer, but you see,—and here the Adjutant gave a very significant look—"you see the profits from the sale of the uniform help to roll along the Gospel chariot."

We fully agreed with all the Adjutant had said concerning the Army uniform, and could not help but long for the day when every Salvationist, all over the world, wore full regulation uniform. A procession of men and women wearing all kinds of hats, with a still greater variety of civilians' clothes, is not so good by far as one of men and women clothed in Army suits of blue, besides the other advantages mentioned.—Pry.



THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

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Sister Francis.

The War Cry.

PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 28 Albert Street, Toronto.

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All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOOTH.
All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Cadet Miller to be Pro-Captain at Cornwall.
Cadet Batterick to be Pro-Captain at Oshawa.
Cadet Dunlop to be Pro-Lieutenant at St. Catharines.
Cadet New to be Pro-Lieutenant at Oshawa.
Cadet Richardson to be Pro-Lieutenant at Lippincott.
Cadet McMillan to be Pro-Lieutenant at Newmarket.
Cadet M. Smith to be Pro-Lieutenant, North-West Province.
Cadet Thompson to be Pro-Lieutenant at Ridgetown.
Cadet Robinson to be Pro-Lieutenant at Livingston.

Appointments—

ADJT. W. PARSONS to Dovercourt.
ENSIGN HALEY, Cornwall, to Sherbrooke.

Marriage—

ADJT. WILLIAM SNOW, who came out from Bay Roberts, and is now stationed at Harbor Grace, to Lieut. Hester White, who came out of St. John's, and was last stationed at Parrsboro, N.S., on Thursday, Nov. 20th, '02, at St. John's, Nfld., by Brigadier Smeeton.

Transfer—

ADJT. GRAHAM to United States.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.



The Siege.

Second Soul-Saving Week.—Everyone must be pressed into service during the Siege of 1903. Drones and the indifferent must stand aside while those who have lost souls at heart take full advantage of the great wave of salvation enthusiasm which has begun to sweep this Territory from Atlantic to Pacific. Doubters will cease to doubt, the faint-hearted will take courage, when with one mighty onward sweep all will rush forward with the great battle for souls.

If a good start counts for anything, we certainly have had that, as the reports to hand of the first week of the campaign record magnificent triumphs.

It was a good idea to precede the Siege by a week of reconciliation. It has had the effect of uniting hands and hearts for the stupendous battles in behalf of the sinner.

To be a successful soul-winner one must first of all realize the importance of the work in hand. It is a desperate business, and requires an unlimited quantity of love and skill. To meet the indifference of the sinner and the hard-heartedness of the backslider requires a fresh baptism of Holy Ghost fire. But it is for us, and the great battle for souls on Sunday, March 15th, can be well-fought, victoriously won, and the second week of soul-saving a record-breaker.

Pray for the Bereaved.

No sooner had Brigadier Horn laid his little daughter to rest than the sad intelligence came that Eva, the eldest daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering, had become alarmingly ill, necessitating hurriedly conveying her to a hospital, where an operation was performed. For two anxious days the parents watched over their child, and now, as we go to press, a 'phone message tells us that little Eva has gone to heaven.

We also learn that Staff-Captain and Mrs. Coombs have just lost their youngest child, Victor.

To these comrades will come the sympathies and prayers of their comrades throughout the Territory, who will pray that God's loving arms may be placed around the bereaved in this dark hour.

The General's Triumphant Finish in New York.

(By Wire.)

General's farewell campaign in New York was a magnificent finish to his American tour. The Staff Councils showed our leader at his best; in fact, he was a revelation, as the Consul expressed it. Every Staff Officer present pledged to substantial and permanent increase in every branch of work.

Saturday's soldiers' council a Holy Ghost time; influence indescribable.

Sunday's series of meetings at the Academy of Music, from morning to finish, were avalanches of salvation and baptisms of the Spirit. The General was a wonder to the crowds of all classes which congregated. One hundred and twenty souls for week-end.

Tuesday night's final demonstration at the beautiful Metropolitan Opera House was crowded from floor to its fifth gallery. Senator Hanna was detained at Washington. In his place Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court, was chairman. The General, though somewhat injured in one of his knees by making a false step, was able to speak at length, and with undiminished fervor and force. Audience listened wonderfully, applauded freely and heartily. Trooping of colors most picturesque and intensely interesting. As the General walked out the lights vanished. Then the General came back, while the lights flashed out from stage. Tremendous torchlight procession followed. General reviewed troops from balcony of National Headquarters. New York did magnificently.—LIEUT.-COLONEL FRIEDRICH.

Welcome Home.

It was a very great pleasure to see the smiling face of Staff-Captain Manton at the Union Depot on Thursday, Feb. 26th, after his long trip to Newfoundland and the East. We were sorry, though, to see him in anything like a good condition of health. He reminded us of a steam engine which had used up the last pound of steam, and no wonder he finished his tour with nervous prostration. But it doesn't take "Daddy" long to come round, for bright and early this morning the Staff-Captain visited the Editorial Office as full of life as ever; he had a great account to give of these Newfoundlanders, the hearty manner in which he was received, and of the good times also in the East.

We give the Staff-Captain a proper welcome home; by his whole-hearted interest in the Kingdom, and his untiring energies, he certainly sets an example to many of his younger brethren.

Territorial Newslets.

Ensign Jamieson's smiling face is once more seen on the Territorial Headquarters. She has commenced her duties in the Financial Office. The Ensign is delighted to have so far recovered in health as to be able to resume work again, and is full of praise to God for her restoration.

Salvationists all over the Territory are now straining every nerve to push the Siege. From near and far come glorious reports of battles fought and victories won. Headquarters Staff are doing a noble part and putting in some good week-ends with good results. The Chief Secretary, with the Cadets, at Lippincott, had a rousing time, with four souls, and our Gaelic comrades may know what to expect on the occasion of the Colonel's visit on March 14th and 15th. Other corps in the city were filled on Sunday, March 1st, by various members of the T.H.Q. and C.O.P. Staff with splendid results. Read the detailed reports for further particulars.

Brigadier Horn has again suffered a severe loss in the death of his little daughter, aged eleven months. We are sure that the Brigadier, who certainly seems to have had more than his full share of sorrow, will have the sympathies and prayers of his comrades throughout the Territory. The funeral took place on Monday, March 2nd.

Adjt. Alward recently addressed the young men of the Y.M.C.A. at Fargo; in the town unusual interest is being displayed in the work of the S. A. at the present time.

The following is good news from the North-West, and gives a good idea of the excellent material turned out of the Territorial Training Home:

"Lieut. McCallum, one of the latest arrivals from the Training Home, is destined to carve her name in the annals of the noble order of W.C.B. She started out on a regular district, and sold out before she was half way through it." The Chancellor wisely suggests that the War Cry order be increased.

MAINLY PERSONAL.—Brigadier Hargrave has been laid up with la grippe, and was obliged to cancel some of his appointments. We are glad to say, however, that at the time of going to press he is much better, and will soon be himself again.—Adjt. Adams, in answer to prayer, is much improved in health.—Capt. Parker, of Hamilton, has entered the hospital, and is in a critical condition physically.—Adjt. Barr, of the Temple corps, has been taken suddenly ill and prevented from carrying on his work.

Brigadier Turner is arranging to conduct a series of councils at Kingston during Easter week, for the officers and Local Officers of the Ontario part of the Province. The Locals who can manage to be present from Vermont, Quebec, or the New York part of the E.O.P. are also invited to attend. If possible, accommodation will be provided in Kingston for all who can arrange to go to the councils.

Spokane doubled its number of J. S. Companies last month.

As previously announced, Grand Bank Citadel was opened by Brigadier Smeeton on Monday, Jan. 26th, but we might add here that the new structure is without doubt the finest Army building on the Island. It reflects the highest credit on Adjt. Hiscok, who has toiled early and late in connection with it, and all who have had a hand in its erection. Including free labor, nearly nine hundred dollars have been raised in the Harbor, and after the income received at the opening, the total debt remaining is \$500. The people of Grand Bank are noted for their generosity, and deservedly so.

In a private communication from Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read we call the following:

"For myself, in answer to the inquiries that continually come to me from kind comrades and friends, I find the way back to health very slow and uphill. I have only been able to rest out twice this year. Am confined to my room nearly all the time, and still suffer acutely sometimes; but under the blessing of the Lord I am making some progress and improvement in some ways. Pray for me."

The Commissioner's Third Siege Appeal.

(TO BE READ FROM THE PLATFORM ON SUNDAY NIGHT.)

HISTORY tells us that before that scathing outburst of Mount Vesuvius, which buried beneath ruins of burning lava the two most beautiful cities of the ancient world, there were long threatenings of the storm brewing in the mountain's burning breast. But the danger had so long tarried that the people had grown accustomed to the alarms and wearied of advice, and paid no attention to the subterranean rumblings, or the gathering smoke and heat. They built their dainty villas about its sides; they hung their rose-gardens in its woods; they danced all the Southern night upon its slopes—no thought of trouble, no question of the morrow, no provision for the coming doom. Only a handful of people removed their dwellings to the distant hills, and these were piteously mocked. Then all suddenly the sleeping volcano woke, and with a boiling, bubbling, scalding flood, covered every soul.

THERE is not a sinner in this hall but who is hastening on to a similar doom. Each day brings you nearer and nearer the outburst of retribution's fire. The anger of an offended God gathers in threatening clouds above your head; the tides of an onrushing eternity beat against your feet; the fires of a foretelling conscience burn in your bosom, and the thunders of impending justice remind you with every sin you commit, every wrong you inflict against your God, yourself and others, that "the wicked shall be turned into hell."

OH, poor condemned soul, where will you flee when your race is run, the measure of God's wrath is filled up, and the perils of death and the summons of eternity overtake you? You, who have been utterly indifferent to your soul's eternal welfare, and forgotten your indebtedness to your God and your Saviour, how will you do when you face Him in judgment? You have left Him out of your life, out of your consideration, out of your business, out of your home. You have forgotten Him—forgotten your Bible, your church, the immortal claims of your children. You have not riled against Him; you have not blasphemed His name, or mocked His cause, or denied His omnipotence, but you have manifested that cold, cruel indifference on all questions pertaining to real religion which has declared to a whole world that you have forgotten your God. You have forgotten His lawful claims upon you as your Creator, having made you in His Own Image that you might serve and honor Him. You have forgotten

YOUR OBLIGATIONS TO HIS MERCY,

which by the atonement of Blood made a way out for you from sin to grace. You have forgotten the demands of judgment, asking an account of your life's whole record—every action, every thought. You have forgotten every tie which is immortal. The sacrifice of God in the gift of His Son—you have forgotten. The birth in the manger between dumb beast and poor shepherd—forgotten! The thirty-three years of toil and suffering, ending with murder on Golgotha—forgotten! The countless glories of Heaven—the abundant reward of the righteous, and the terrors of Hell—the everlasting punishment of the wicked—forgotten! Oh, what an awakening! how dark the finish, how bitter the end, when before the bar of God you think of all these things—and think when it is too late.

SOME of you could not forget Him. Your sins weighed upon you too heavily. Your conscience too plainly and too painfully accused you. You have had too many vivid reminders of the great reality of things which await you the other side of the grave. You have too often thought about giving your heart to God and living a life which would brighten up the valley and go on shining after you were gone. Numbers of times you have been almost persuaded to be a Christian—that time when you were so very ill, when through the dim light of the sick-room you saw the doctor's face looking so anxious, and you thought you might be going; or it was when the baby died, and you crossed the little cold hands on the still breast, and thought on the little face you saw a gleam

of wondrous light; or when that terrible accident happened, when others were taken and you were spared; or in that wonderful meeting, when God's Spirit so mightily strove with you, and your past with its miseries and disappointments and terrible darkness pressed in upon you. You were almost persuaded; you nearly crossed over from doubt, wrong and danger into trust, righteousness and safety—the safety that the eternal Rock of Ages brings when it lifts a man right out of the buffetings and bruises of sin and the world. You were almost persuaded, I say—but not quite. You said, "Not now; but some other time." Perhaps you said, "Not to-night—to-morrow, or next week," I do not know, but you stifled the hunger of your soul by promising yourself rest and peace in Jesus some day. Oh, how unwise! how dangerous! what risks you are running!

SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM,

yet hesitating at its door. The eternal funeral gong may toll the death-knell of your soul while you stand upon the threshold. Death nearly always comes suddenly and unexpectedly to those who have been often warned, but who have put off their salvation, for "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Procrastination, which means putting off, neglecting, has proved the damnation of thousands. Not to-night has meant in numbers of instances never at all. You know some—I know some—we cannot bear to think of them; God gave them ample opportunities, ample warnings, ample entreaties, but they hesitated, they put off; they waited; they said, "Another time—the business will get better—circumstances will change—I'll break off from those old companions!"—while with every day—with every sun that set and every sun that rose—they heaped up their wrongs toward God, toward Heaven, toward others, till at last tossing hither and thither in the waters of transgression we saw their sky go blacker, we saw the quick storm get up, we saw the lightning of God's hand strike out, we saw them go down—lost in sight of harbor!

A dying man said to his friends gathered around his bed: "Hold me up! hold me up! I can see the Gates—they are wide open." Then with utmost despair drawing every feature and darkening the whole countenance, cried in wailing tones: "Lay me down, lay me down! Too late—the gates are closed!" Is this going to be so in your case? Where are you to-night? Where will you stand in the judgment? Will you stand with those who have forgotten God? Will you stand with those who have neglected God, or will you stand with the redeemed through grace? If so, don't put off your salvation another hour. Don't wait. Come right away. Don't stay looking at your sins, although they stand as mountains. Don't look at the dark possibilities ahead of you; the future is only dark and bitter for those who have no God in it.

DON'T LINGER CALCULATING YOUR DIFFICULTIES—

there will always be difficulties; only Jesus can pilot you safely through the rapids of life's tempestuous waters; sorrows will come, troubles will come, deaths will come, enemies will come, and without the arm of God to hold you up, without the pity of God to dry your tears, without the salve of His consolation to put on your wounds, sin and pain and sorrow will be too much for you and you will go down. Come to Jesus; make Him your Friend; tell Him your story; confess to Him your sins. Tell Him you will put everything from you that is wrong; tell Him you will give yourself to Him and serve Him; tell Him you will follow in the tracks His bleeding feet left until in the morning you kiss the places the nails tore, and come now. Now is God's time. Now is the safe time. Now is the best time. In your case, now may be the only time.

Yours, praying for you in faith and pity,

Evangelist Woods

Commissioner.

PUBLIC APPRECIATION.

Rescue Work in the West as Viewed by a Western Paper.

The work among the fallen, undertaken by the Salvation Army in London, England, some years ago, has spread until in almost every country in the world Rescue workers are at work among the most unfortunate class, with so much success that 200 Homes have been established, and new ones yearly added, where the girls are taught useful employment, and where, after a period in this Home, and a thorough change effected in their character, a respectable situation is procured, and the girl looked after until able to stand once more a woman among women.

The work that is being done for this class in the State of Washington, Montana, and British Columbia, was ably described by Staff-Capt. Jost, in the Army hall on C Street, on Monday evening. The Staff-Captain has charge of the Home in Spokane, and the supervision of the ones in Montana and British Columbia, and is able, therefore, to give facts and figures regarding this most important work. Some very graphic descriptions of the social evil existing in the cities of the west, and other large cities, where the Staff-Captain has labored during the past eight years, and a few cases cited out of the many permanent changes in the life and character of the girls and women brought under the Christian influences of the Army Homes, were given.

The Staff-Captain has been appointed Police Matron in Spokane, and consequently has to deal with all women arrested in that city, and so comes in direct contact with the most unfortunate of this class. She visits them in prison and at the expiration of their sentence, if possible, receives them into the Home, where some are delivered not only from lives of shame, but from other evils which invariably follow in its train, and to-day are either still in the Home, restored to friends, or in a good situation earning an honorable livelihood. The Staff-Captain spoke of the many discouragements and burdens of this work, but believing the eternal God was in the work, and believing every effort put forth in behalf of the sinful and suffering, often, alas! more sinned against than sinning, she worked on, cheered again and again with many visible results. She spoke more particularly of the work in Spokane, also the social evil existing there, and while not thinking that Spokane was any worse than other western cities of its size, there existed there nine parlor houses, and 100 smaller ones, designated cribs, built for immoral purposes, and bringing to the owners a revenue of \$40,000 a year. Some idea of the extent of the evil, and the number of abandoned women, may be gathered from this statement.—*The Daily Reveille*, Whatcom, Feb. 13th.

West Ontario Whisperings.

On Saturday night Brigadier McMillan, assisted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs, was at the front of the battle at Simcoe. This is an old battleground of Mrs. Coombs', she having been stationed there about seventeen years ago, as Capt. Ettie Madden. Quite a number of old friends turned out to the meetings, and a real profitable week-end was spent.

The barracks was a little cold for the first meeting, and things seemed rather stiff, but when the Spirit of God is at work something must surely give way. The Brigadier handled the Word of God in a skillful manner, and with the great sledge-hammer of love the hard hearts of men and women were broken up. One young man came and threw himself down before God with a broken heart, and his cry was not in vain.

The knee-drill on Sunday found a few pleading with God for the meetings of the day.

The holiness meeting was a heart-searching time. The Brigadier again gave one of his whole-souled talks, at the close of which five men and women gave themselves fully to God for service.

The afternoon meeting was a good free-and-easy time; there was a nice crowd and everybody seemed to enjoy the service. The Brigadier spoke on the new birth, the Spirit of God carried the words home, and when the invitation was given four adults and three Juniors made their way to the cross.

There was a good crowd and a good meeting at night; several were under deep conviction but would not yield.

Mrs. Coombs gave her lecture on India on Monday night. The barracks was well filled, and everybody was delighted with it.

God bless Simcoe. Go in for a lot of fire and desperate fighting, and the coming Siege will be a great success.—T. Coombs.

Sayings Worth Thinking Over.

Prayer is the heart speaking to God, and no prayer is lost.

Family worship secures the favor, protection, and blessing of our Heavenly Father, contributes to domestic order, strengthens parental government, and daily reminds all in the house that there is a God, a soul, a spiritual world, a life to come.

What I fear to do before men, I must fear to think before God.

Self-denial is long pleasure; self-gratification is short pleasure.

The Lord sometimes takes away a loved one that we may love Him more, and our supporters that we may trust Him more. He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind.

My own illness, or the death of another, should teach me what a vain thing the world is, what a vile thing sin is, what a frail thing man is, and what a precious thing is a saving interest in Christ.

He that murmurs under a light cross, goes the right way to provoke God to send a heavy one.—Selected by M. F. Ellis.

Soul-Saving Troupe at Galt.

(Special.)

The night is very hard here, but faith in God and earnestness for souls is sure to win. Seven came to God for salvation last night, and two the night before, making fifteen since coming here. Great things are anticipated during the coming week. Full report later.—Rusign Campbell.

G. B. M. NOTES.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN J. POOLE.

—Lewam.

Upon my arrival at this place, I soon learnt that the Ottawa Agents are keeping up the interest in the G.B.M. work. Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Dudley surpassed our expectations by bringing in \$12.70. Sister E. Welman has been appointed Agent.

Amman.

Ensign Bradbury expected to meet me at the depot here, but by the time he awoke from his dreams, and got around to the other side of the train, I was well on my way down town. By this time he concluded I had not come. However, I soon discovered his resting-place. Mrs. Kimbrey, Local Agent, had her return all well in. A merchant's boy was put in Mr. Budd's drug store.

Pembroke.

Here I find myself once more, and at the time appointed we start to storm the powers of darkness. Miss R. Colley again renders good service, and the G.B.M. returns have increased.

Tweed.

The comrades and friends here are going to act with more promptitude than before, and especially our self-sacrificing Local Agent, Sgt. G. Garrett. My visit was blessed of God, and we had a most interesting time at all the meetings. May the good blessing of the Master rest upon the social and spiritual work here.

Peterboro.

On the evening of my arrival Brigadier Turner presided, at the farewell of Staff-Capt. Moore and welcome of Staff-Capt. McManara. What a time of hand-clapping, singing, and speech-making! But it takes Cabbage Hite to give a talk. The man never ate one of his sermons, for they are prepared and delivered at the same time. After the meeting we all went down stairs to partake of some refreshments, provided by the League of Mercy. Soon I am in conversation with the G.B.M. Agents, and find the work is in good standing, \$5.94 being the returns. We speak with heartfelt gratitude when we consider the sacrifice made by Miss O. Butcher.

Randolph.

Here I am announced for the following evening, to conduct a salvation meeting. I found Capt. Oldford full of faith. Soon we were on our way to the meetings in a big sleigh. We found that the postmen had been quietly plied to one side. They say no one has been converted here for some time. I thought best to have the old landmark put into use again, and at the close six heart and found salvation. Next morning one of the converts, a little girl with a beaming face, said, "Captain, will I have to talk now when I go to the meetings?" "Yes, my dear," I answered, "you must tell what Jesus has done for you." Randolph's worshippers are doing all right. "God save many more," is our prayer, "and prosper the good work."

Captured Bears Alive.

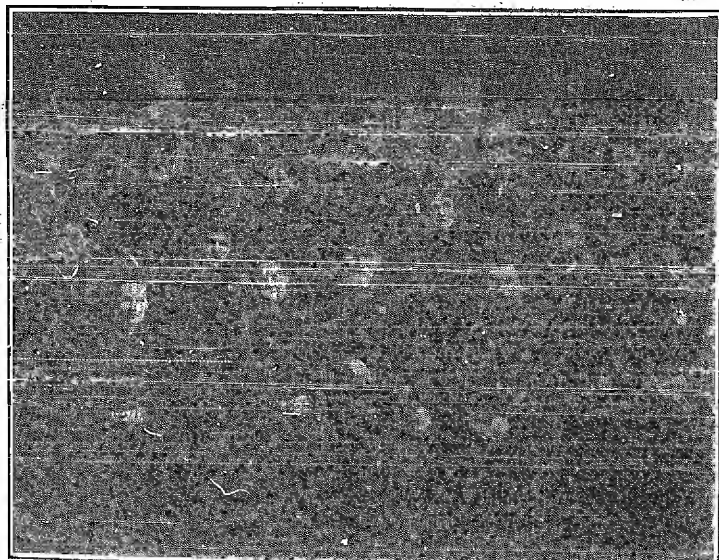
DARING ADVENTURE OF JAPS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Rev. Goro Katsuragi, Japanese missionary in Vancouver, asked the Vancouver zoo to accept a male and female bear, captured alive without the aid of weapons by eight of his countrymen. The male bear weighs 320 pounds, and the female bear 210 pounds.

Katsuragi says that two of his countrymen were at work in the woods cutting shingle bolts, when one noticed something bright in the dark hole of a hollow tree. It was the eye of some wild animal. The man called the other Japanese, and together they built a cage five feet high, put it in front of the hole, with a trap-door, and started to smoke the animal out. The bear left the tree and rushed into the trap.

The Japanese were dancing around the tree with delight, when the huge male bear, whose presence they did not suspect, rushed from the tree and charged them. They ran for a short distance. Then one of them, Nishimoto, with a daring sever heard of in the wildest tales of British Columbia, threw himself on the back of the huge monster. He was able to hold the brute just long enough for his companions to arrive, and all eight of them fell on the bear and crushed him to the earth. Six sat on his rump, while two others held his neck down with a long pole. Finally one was sent for a rope, when the bear, kicking, scratching, howling, but securely gagged, was trussed securely and hauled into camp upon the women for wear. The female bear was also carried to camp, cage and all.

The Japs were scratched from head to foot, and their clothes torn, but they had no serious wounds. This is the first time in British Columbia that full-sized bears have been caught alive without steel traps or being wounded with firearms.



Local Officers, Bowmanville Corps.

Territorial Corps Bulletins.

LIGHT SOULS.

Asanopia, N.S.—Since last report we have had the joy of seeing eight precious souls at the mercy seat. The converts are taking their stand on the platform and in the open air. We are going to have an enrolment in the near future. God's Spirit is striving with the people. Many are convicted, and we are looking for a revival in this town. The soldiers are taking hold well, and the people are very kind.—Capt. and Mrs. Hargrove.

THE P. O.'S CHERRING VISIT.

Beaver River.—We praise God for what has been done here in His name. We were favored with a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Sharp on Wednesday evening, and we praise God for his cherring visits. He was accompanied by Adj. Wiggins, our D. O., the officers and soldiers from Digby. We are praying for our Lieutenant, as we need her in the night. She has had to spend a fortnight with her mother, after their bereavement. The work is going ahead bravely here at present, and six souls during the week rejoices our hearts.—Ned.

THE NEW OFFICERS.

Blenheim.—Capt. Allen and Lieut. McColl have taken up the reins here. We had good meetings on Sunday, with good attendance. The Captain is quite a musician, playing a violin and viola, which proves an attraction. The Lieutenant is a good hand at firing up the quarters and decorating the barracks with his military notions. We are pleased to have the Captain's mother with us on Sunday, who rendered valuable assistance with her testimony.—Jas Brown.

FIVE SOLDIERS ENROLLED.

Bridgewater.—We have just been favored with a visit from our D. O., Adj. Jennings, which we all enjoyed very much. The Adjutant's presence always means a blessing for those who would be blessed. While here the Adjutant enrolled five converts under the dear old flag. May they be happy workers for the Master under the yellow, red, and blue, which mean others from sin to a life of usefulness for God. As the Slogas is once more about to be opened, we mean to do valiantly for the Lord. His who has been our help is going with us as to victory.—Mac.

MAKING GOOD PROGRESS.

Brookville.—"Pray, believe, and work" is the motto taken by the Brookville Salvationists in connection with the Siege of the Lord. Everybody is on fire and in good fighting time. The knee-drill and open-air attendances are the best we have had for some years. Souls are being saved, and soldiers made. A War Cry Brigade has been organized, and the Cry is heard out regularly. We are waiting on God for a great outpouring of His Spirit, and believe it is coming.—Solomon Snow.

ELEVEN AT THE MERRY SEAT.

Burk's Falls.—The fight has been rather hard here, but God is with us. We welcomed Capt. Brooks and Lieut. Stickle on Friday, the 10th. We worked natively during the week-end, and closed with ten at the merry seat—seven for salvation and three for the blessing of a clean heart. On Wednesday another soul sought salvation. Hallelujah! We are looking forward to a glorious soul-saving time.—G. T. H.

THIRTY-THREE SOULS.

Canning.—The Evangelical Quartet have fasted their series of meetings here, and are accomplishing results, although at times some hard and faithful work has been done. At some thirty-three souls knelt at the merry seat. The singing and music were much enjoyed by all, and the music meeting from God's word caused the people to think of eternity as we believe they never did before. Good crowds attended all the meetings, which were held in a hall at seven, or half being far from the small. Officers and soldiers were encouraged to press forward to keep up the interest among the people. One soul has sought God since their farewell. Capt. A. B. Morthog and Lieut. Thales are in charge.—Capt. Mather.

A SPECIAL TIME.

Channel.—On Friday we had a very special meeting, consisting of solos, recitations, and readings. We had a good crowd, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. We were much helped at all day, and although it is a pity that some souls will be saved soon. We finished at eight with a real Newfoundland dance.—M. Maroon.

EIGHTEEN BEER SALVATION.

Clark's Beach.—Hallelujah! The Spirit of God is at work. On Wednesday night one soul came to Jesus, and on Thursday night another man stepped from darkness into light. On Friday night seven young men came to the merry seat, and on Saturday night four more. On Sunday night we had a blessed time, and five souls sought and found salvation. Through God we shall do valiantly.—M. Maroon.

STILL BURNING.

Dartmouth.—"Hello, little David, how goes the war?" "Oh, we are still burning. God is leading in our midst. Since last report three souls have sought and found salvation, and one more has been saved for the Holy Ghost power. Each day has given her, and made her the means of blessing to many since. On the first Sunday of the Siege an soul was won for Christ, making four since last report. The soldiers are on fire, and are determined to do their best during the Siege of 1903. The pot has started boiling, and we mean to keep it boiling.—The Converted Trump.

SEVEN ABOUT THE LORD.

Dillon.—We are pleased to report victory. God is answering our prayers and abounding His blessings upon us. We have had Staff-Capt. Taylor with us recently. His visit was both pleasant and profitable, and four souls knelt at the cross. Since the Staff-Captain's visit three more precious souls have stepped out on the promises of God, making seven for the past two weeks.—O. J. S.

A LONDON TRAMP.

Dovercourt.—We have just been favored with a visit from Adj. Sims, the J. S. Secretary, accompanied by the Adjutant. The Adjutant gave a special lecture entitled "Through Haunts and Jungles of Darkest London." Dressed as a London tramp, he took the audience, which filled the barracks, on a visit to the poorest city, the poorest life in Whitechapel, Petticoat Lane, etc. The Salvation Army's work in these parts was explained, and many were heard to say that they could have listened much longer to the description of life in the haunts and jungles of London. The proceeds of the meeting were about thirteen dollars. Capt. Nelson and Lieut. Jordan are to be complimented upon the way they have led the meeting. Mrs. Sims sang, accompanying herself on the guitar.—John.

LITTLE BOY LED THE WAY.

Escan.—It is only two weeks since we arrived in Escan, and I wish to say we are very much in love with the place. The people are all very kind, and the soldiers are made of the right stuff, and are not afraid of a little fighting. We are glad to be able to report victory. On Sunday we had a good day, and the presence of God was very manifest. The soldiers are on fire, and are determined to do their best during the Siege of 1903. The pot has started boiling, and we mean to keep it boiling.—The Converted Trump.

THE BEST SOUL-SAVING TIME.

Essex.—We are blessing our work. Capt. Wadge has arrived with the hearts of the people. Two souls came out on Sunday night, and the blessing of a clean heart. The Siege in our midst is believed for wonderful things. The soldiers are to be saved. The soldiers are going in to make this Siege

effort the best soul-saving time they ever knew. With God on our side we shall conquer.—Lieut. O. Jackson.

FOUR OF ONE FAMILY.

Great Falls.—Staff-Capt. Taylor's visit to Great Falls, for the weekend, was made a blessing to all. Three children were given to Jesus, and six souls cried to God for salvation. Four of one family sought the Lord, only leaving one out of the fold. We are believing for him. A warm welcome was given to the Staff-Captain when he came to Great Falls again. Great Falls is a great city for doing great things. The heavy weights were here a short time ago. I may say I struck knock out a doctored. Last night the light weights had to do with the best. It took the writer back to the old days, and he had to go to the ring for the fourth. Thank God I am now in the line fighting for God and souls.—B. R.

STAFF-CAPT. MANTON'S MEETINGS.

Halifax N.S.—We are having good times here. God is blessing us, and souls are being saved. Our old officers have farrowed and now once more are at work. We had a visit from Staff-Capt. Manton, who conducted two meetings, which were greatly enjoyed. God bless the Staff-Captain. We will be glad to see him some time this way again.—Treas. J. Brown.

BANDMEN'S MEETING.

Hamilton, Ont.—God is helping us wonderfully here, and we are rolling the old chariot along with might and main. On Wednesday night the bandmen took charge of the meeting, and made things go with a swinging, fully satisfying their reputation. Bandmaster Shumoda led the band, and Band-Sergeant Williams read the lesson, while Bro. Wiler, the drummer, sang a solo, and each one did so well that there is a possibility of them being called to the front again in the future. God is with us, and souls are being saved and sanctified.—O. O.

AT THE FRONT AGAIN.

Hampster.—Our officers are out of quarantine, and are again at the front. Our brother, who had the small-pox, is improving, and we hope soon to have him with us again. All things work together for good to those who love God.—E. B. D.

CONVERTS TAKING THEIR STAND.

Leviaton.—We rejoice that God is blessing us in this part of the world. Converts are taking their stand for God, and our crowd is also increasing. Keep your eyes on Leviaton, there will be an enrolment soon.—Wallace Sumpter, S.M.

BLESSING FROM THE COMMISSIONER'S MEETINGS.

London I.—On Sunday afternoon we had with us on the platform Bro. Harnes, a victim of the Westland wreck. He spoke of his miraculous escape, and of his determination to follow the lead of the One whose goodness and mercy had followed him so closely. The influence of our beloved Commissioner's visit will live long with us, and will be a blessing to many. We feel we should mention particularly one dear sister, a widow, who for some time has been a victim of the Westland wreck. She was married to her husband to himself. A little story told by the Commissioner was the means of her making a full surrender, and of anabaptism. She is now a happy wife, and is again a Commissioner, and a member of the church. The Siege of the Lord is at hand, and everything else fair for conversion. We are in for victory, and by the help of God we shall have it.—Lightbearer.

FORTY BELOW ZERO.

Neepawa.—We are still fighting the grand fight of faith, and with God on our side we are sure of victory. On Feb. 18th we had a fine day, and a fine crowd. A fine number turned out to consider the weather was forty below zero. We had with us Adj. Thomas, who led the meeting that night, and although we did not see any results, we believe the people were led to think of eternity. A number of souls are under deep conviction, and we are praying and believing for them to yield.—Cor.

CAPTURED TWO PRISONERS.

Nelson.—We had an attack on the forts of darkness on Sunday. The attacking forces were led by Ensign Wilkins. The soldiers were led to the front by action music, and succeeded in capturing two prisoners, one being a backslider. We are believing for a grand soul-saving time during the Siege.—Cadet F. Parker.

THREE SAVED THROUGH VISITATION.

New Westminster.—Since last report God has been blessing our efforts. Three dear sisters have given their hearts to God in their homes while being visited by our faithful officers. Oh, that there were more such visitors to our homes. We had with us Adj. Thomas, who led the meeting that night, and although we did not see any results, we believe the people were led to think of eternity. A number of souls are under deep conviction, and we are praying and believing for them to yield.—Cor.

HOW TO GET WARM.

North Sydney.—We have had a terribly cold snap here lately, but we rejoice to know that God is blessing us at our Cape Breton house. On Sunday night two souls were saved, and the precious blood of Jesus. A new Lieutenant has come all the way from Ontario, and she has come to stay. Oh, she started the very first thing to sell War Cry, with the thermometer at zero, or somewhere thereabouts. Hooray! That's the way to get warmed up—selling War Cry. Prepare to hear something wonderful soon.—Treas.

MATRIMONIAL MIDDLES.

Ogdensburgh.—Staff-Capt. Manton conducted a meeting here recently. His subject was "Matrimonial Middles." We had a good time, and if the Staff-Captain came back he would not be a larger crowd. Capt. Crawford and Lieut. Langley were present and assisted in the meeting.—Stars and Stripes.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

Ottawa.—Since last report we have had some very interesting meetings, including a pound meeting, which proved to be very profitable. Adj. Hobbie gave an interesting account of his trip to England, which was much appreciated. On the following Thursday evening the J. S. Bible Class gave a splendid service entitled "The Beautiful City," in which one of our Captains was helped by the J. S. Bible Class. It was a very instructive meeting, especially to those who love God. On Saturday night an soul came to God and found peace, returning on Sunday to give His glory. We were a few days ago on Sunday night the strongholds of the enemy, with the result that three souls cried for mercy.—Sac. French.

HIS JAIL EXPERIENCE.

Paisley.—Staff-Capt. Manton conducted a meeting at Paisley, which was much appreciated. His subject was "Six Years Through Smiles and Tears." The Staff-Captain first called upon Evangelist Bowers to pray, then he sang a solo and entered upon his subject. The people listened attentively, especially when he told them about being put in jail for slaying "Jesus." One of our soldiers was at the market. He said he would be willing to go to jail again for six months if it would lead him to Jesus. Capt. Slater and his Lieutenant, from the South, were present, and enjoyed the meeting. The people would like the Staff-Captain to come back soon.—One who was there.

DELIGHTED WITH STAFF-CAPT. MANTON'S VISIT.

St. John I.—On Thursday Staff-Capt. Manton visited this town, giving his lecture on "Conversion." What a blessing to our "White-haired" boys. The Staff-Captain, in spite of his many years, was as lively as a youth, and had a little hallelujah

dance at the beginning of the meeting. He kept the audience between smiles and tears. His favorite solo, "A boy's best friend in his mother," brought tears to many eyes, and when he started his discourse he kept everybody waiting until the latter part of the meeting, when he again brought them to think of their souls' salvation. Some people said it was worth fifty cents to hear the Staff-Captain—Viking.

HALLOWEEN SOUP.

St. Thomas.—Bill: "Say, Joe, I was up to the Salvation Army last night, and what do you think they did?" Joe: "Don't know. Can't guess. They are always doing something." Bill: "Why, they had Halloweek Soup."

Joe: "What kind of soup is that?" Bill: "Why, they had a pot on the platform in which there were slips of paper, and those who wished could take one, and what- ever was written on the slip they were supposed to do. I tell you, it was interesting. You should have come. You missed a great treat." Joe: "I'm sorry I stayed at home now. Next time I will go. I always miss something when I stay away from the Army."—A Salvationist.

EIGHTEEN SOULS SEEK GOD.

Tinto.—Mrs. Adj. Payne and little Alex were with us for the week-end, and we had a wonderful time. On Monday night Lieut.-Colonel Sharp was present also. We went to the meeting full of faith, fire and love. The Colonel spoke from the words "Take up thy cross and follow Me," Mark x. 21. The first of the fifteen came upon us, and then came Jesus. The officers, soldiers, and friends of Tinto extend a hearty invitation to Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and Mrs. Payne to visit us again.—Julius Blaney, Capt.

OLD-TIMERS AND UP TO DATES.

Wallaceburg.—God is keeping His soldiers fighting in this place. Two have sought the Saviour during the past two weeks, for which we are very thankful to God. We had a hallelujah wind-up with a march round the barracks. On Thursday night we had a pound meeting, and in connection with it a representation of the old-time Salvation Army and the Salvation Army up-to-date. The old-timers were led by Treas. Simpson, with Bro. Marshall Denn as drummer (and it was like old times), while the up-to-date were led by Capt. Bishop. In spite of contrary indications the meeting was a success, resulting in a stack of names necessary for the quarters, and the numbers doubled. Hallelujah!—One who was there.

THE SLIMS OF LONDON.

Watson.—We are still fighting the devil, and God is on our side. On Saturday night Bro. Britton talked to us about the slims of London, and we all sought salvation. Sunday was a day of victory. God was with us, and on the day closed three souls sought and found peace. On Monday night Staff-Captain Langley was present, and a lecture on the Slims of the Army. The people of Watson are in sympathy with this good work. One soul came to Christ last night, making a total of five since last report.—Hillie I.

PUSH THE BUTTLE.

Windsor, N.S.—We have just said farewell to our much-loved officers, Capt. Martin and Lieut. Crossman, who have been laboring with us and helping us in a wonderful way to push the battle on. We pray that God's richest blessings may rest upon them wherever they may go. On Thursday night we welcomed our new officers, Ensign and Mrs. Allen. We pray that God will bless their stay in our midst. We mean to go in unity to work for God and souls. We are expecting a visit from our D. O., Adj. Jennings, in a few days, which we feel sure will bring blessing, help, and encouragement to all those who have set their face to go forward, and stamp deeper convictions on the hearts of the saved.—B. H. I.

VERY IMPRESSIVE MEETINGS.

Winnipeg.—Last Sunday night Lieut. Crossman, who has been with us for about four months, and good-bye, and we welcomed into our midst Lieut. McCallum. The meetings all day were very impressive. The Spirit of God dwelt with the unit, and after the night meeting we were able to rejoice over three souls seeking God, who gave every evidence of being converted. A large number of souls have been saved during the past month, and God has been wonderfully blessing us. Now that reports of the Siege are floating in the air, everyone is determined to go in for victory, and make this the most glorious time ever experienced.—V. Knapp, S.M.

Wedding at Devil's Lake.

It was about 4 p.m. when the "Limited" steamed into Devil's Lake, a stirring Western town, beautifully situated near the lake, so famous to the Western people. The Indians named it many years ago on account of the horror that it brought to their hearts as they struggled with the belated waves in their little canoes. I was a little weary after the long, tiresome journey, but felt quite at home when I saw the smiling face of Capt. Scott, and heard the cheerful, "God bless you, Captain."

I was just in time for an important meeting, the welcome of Major Hurditt and a hallelujah wedding. The hall was crowded, and as the Major led the bride party upon the platform there were great cheers. From the very commencement the meeting was full of life. When the Major read the interview was manifested, and very soon Capt. Scott and his bride were pronounced man and wife. The happy couple sang a duet, accompanying themselves on their guitars, after which the Major read from the Word of God, and brought the burning truths home to the hearts of the un-saved in such a manner that tears flowed freely, and numbers were almost persuaded to yield to the stirrings of God's Spirit. Capt. Scott treated each one to a piece of wedding cake as they passed out.—R. A. Captain.

Women's Social Work.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Will all those who desire to enter as officers in the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work, write for full particulars to Mrs. Drigardier Southall, Albert St., Toronto.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Kindly send all donations or subscriptions for the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work, to Mrs. Drigardier Southall, Albert St., Toronto, or to any of the following addresses. Kindly state for which branch your gift is intended.

Rescue Homes, Children's Homes, and Hospitals.

Toronto, Ont., 916 Yonge St. Adj. Lewis.
London, Ont., Riverside Ave. Adj. McCallum.
Winnipeg, 435 Young St. Adj. Kerr.
St. John, N.B., 30 St. James St. Staff-Capt. Holman.
Montreal, Que., 348 St. Antoine St. Staff-Capt. Miller.
Halifax, N.S., 71 Windsor St. Adj. Mrs. Payne.
St. John's, Nfld., 23 Cook St. Ensign Hall.
Ottawa, Ont., 128 Daly Ave. Adj. Crossman.
Hamilton, Ont., 110 Westworth St. Ensign Drester.
Burlington, Ont., 306 W. Broadway. Capt. Erie.
Sarnia, Ont., 120 St. George St. Staff-Capt. East.
Vancouver, B.C., 729 Seymour St. Ensign Butler.
Toronto, Ont., 63 Farley Ave. Ensign Crocker.

The Way of the WORLD

Canadian Cuttings—

Thos. Tait, Manager of the C.P.R. Transportation, has been appointed to take charge of the Australian Commonwealth's railways.

Fifteen hundred of the Montreal Street Railway employees have been organized into a union by international officers.

The Board of Trade building at Port Arthur was almost entirely destroyed by fire.

The C.P.R. lands in Saskatchewan and North Alberta have been advanced \$5 an acre.

The Canadian-British Land Company has been incorporated, to buy land and aid immigrants.

Hon. Geo. W. Ross, replying to the deputation on Niagara electric power, promised a bill providing a commission to be appointed and controlled by municipalities, and empowered to develop, buy, transmit, and distribute power.

Messrs. Hay and Wainwright met the Prime Minister and his colleagues at Ottawa, and brought forward the subject of Federal aid towards the construction of the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific line.

Attorney-General Campbell has given notice that a redistribution bill will be introduced in the Manitoba Legislature.

The Canadian-American Coal Company's mine at Frank, Alberta, is now producing and shipping over 1,000 tons of coal per day out of a single mine entrance.

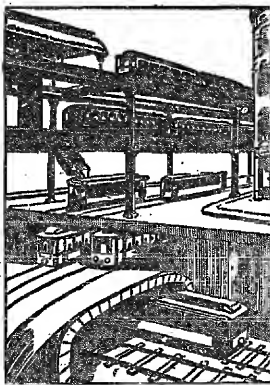
The Canadian General Electric Company will spend half a million dollars in Peterboro this year for new buildings and equipment.

About two hundred men employed in the elevators at Fort William have gone out on strike.

Mr. F. T. Congdon has been appointed Commissioner of the Yukon.

U. S. Siftings.

A bill appropriating \$9,000 for a life-size statue of the late Frances E. Willard was passed by the Illinois Legislature. It will be placed in Statuary Hall, at Washington.



This represents a vortical cut at Broadway and 33rd Street, New York. The lowest tunnel contains the rails and outside tracks New York-Yonkers, the others local railway lines.

Workmen, tearing down the old Hall of Records, in City Hall Park, New York, have uncovered six gloomy vaults which have not seen a ray of light for nearly a century. The dungeons were built about 147 years ago by the British, as part of a prison, on what was then the northern limit of the city.

The press mill of the Laffin & Rand Power Co., at Turek, exploded, killing three men and injuring fifteen others, some of them fatally.

The typhoid fever epidemic at Ithaca, N.Y., has so far resulted in the death of eighteen students and sixteen citizens.

A frightful epidemic of diphtheria has broken out in the village of Morristown, N.Y., on the

St. Lawrence, and all business is temporarily suspended and the schools are closed. Twenty deaths have occurred and new cases are reported daily.

A cigarette caused a fire at Woonsocket, R.I., which killed one woman. Another woman was badly injured, and her two sons were severely burned.

The Senate of Wisconsin passed a measure declaring the keeping of gambling resorts to be a felony; the Montana House of Representatives passed a bill to license gambling.

Physicians at the Erie County Hospital state that as a result of an operation performed at the hospital 453 carpet tacks, 41 small knife blades, 142 screw nails, 40 pin points (resembling the points of a shoemaker's awl), six and a-half ounces of ground glass, and a wire chain about three inches in length were taken from the stomach of a patient.

Deputy Marshals report that armed resistance to Federal authority in the Raleigh coal district has been thoroughly broken as a result of the battle at Stannisdorf. Five are dead and sixteen wounded, as the result of the battle. Besides many prisoner, the Marshals captured one hundred guns, sixty pistols, and a ton of ammunition.

A freight train of thirty-six loaded coal and coke cars ran down the western slope of the Allegheny Mountains and collided with another freight standing on the same track. Thirty cars were demolished, blocking traffic for several hours. One man was killed and five were injured.

Many deaths from la grippe have occurred in New York and Brooklyn.

In a fight between miners and Sheriffs, at Charleston, Pa., three men were killed and six fatally wounded.

Albert Knapp, under arrest at Hamilton, O., confessed to the murder of five women, two of them his wives.

Fire at Cincinnati, O., did damage aggregating \$2,000,000.

Six men were killed and three injured by an explosion at New Village, N.J.

British Briefs.

Severe gales throughout Britain and Ireland caused much damage and several deaths.

The British steam collier, Otter Caps, was driven ashore off Feunteenot, France, and her crew and passengers, numbering thirty, drowned.

The Duke of Argyle says British manufacturers have 80 per cent. of South African trade.

The Church of England Army Shelter for the Poor, at London, was burned down, and one man killed.

The first of the All-British settlers party for Saskatoon will sail March 31st.

It was decided in England that newspaper proprietors are manufacturers, and the law does not prevent them publishing Sunday papers.

Two hundred army reservists sailed from Liverpool to take positions at Cape Breton.

The King has conferred the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George on Sir Michael Herbert, the British Ambassador at Washington.

A motion for the repeal of the law excluding Canadian store cattle from the British markets was defeated in the House of Commons.

The Dominion Liner Merion is aground near Queenstown.

International Items.

Five hundred Imperial troops were ambushed by rebels in Kwangsi Province, China, and killed.

The Czar has personally intervened in behalf of the famine-stricken Finns, and has ordered that extensive relief works be started without delay.

U. S. Consul Ayme at Guadeloupe announces that the French army engineers have established a wireless telegraphic connection with the Island of Martinique, and already official messages between the Governors of the two colonies have been exchanged. The Consul says that all cable

communication has been interrupted for several months, and the wireless system is the only means of sending telegraphic messages.

A despatch received from Gras Morne announces the complete destruction of Port de Paix, Hayti, by fire. Only the vessels belonging to the Haytien Company were saved.

A recently-discovered cure for leprosy has been applied with success in China.

Premier Kuyper, of Holland, introduced a bill for the organization of a railroad brigade to ensure regular service in case of need.

It is reported that a meeting of Anarchists will be held at Paris to plan the murder of European Monarchs.

A despatch to a Vienna newspaper, from Constantinople, announces that M. Rulong, Russian Consul at Mitrovitz, Albania, has been murdered by natives.

It is reported that thirty-two Turks were killed and many wounded in an engagement with insurgents near Monastir.

It is again reported in Madrid that the Sultan of Morocco's troops were defeated and his War Minister slain.

Some publicists are of the opinion that only the sternest language towards Turkey can prevent a war between Russia and Turkey in the Spring. They believe that Turkey will pursue bands of Macedonian revolutionaries across the Bulgarian frontier, and that public opinion will compel Russia to interfere. The Russians thoroughly understand that a war with Turkey will be a more severe one than in 1878.

Trust.

Yonder pilgrim, old and hoary,
Bending 'neath the weight of years,
Sweetly sings the "Old, old story,"
Smothers all his doubts and fears;
Hugs the faith of early training,
Looks above, trusts in the Lord;
Simple trust which, all-sustaining,
Hope and gentle peace afford.

Oh, the trust long dead, forgotten!
Oh, the faith of long ago!
Give me these, and keep your rotten,
Hollow form, and empty show!
Show me now the meek and lowly;
Lead me where the blessings rain;
Resurrect me mortals holy—
Let me see them once again!

See them kneeling near the portals
Leading to the throne of grace—
Humble, praying, earthly mortals,
With the Master, face to face.
Lo! the blessing ever falling,
On the fearless sons of God,
While the gladness all entraining
Leads them where their fathers trod.
J. A. ROWLAND.

London, Ont.

A Fortune Consigned to the Flames.

When Capt. Butler, the great traveler, died he left a book in manuscript, which he expected would be his wife's fortune. He suddenly died, and it was expected that the wife would publish the book. One publisher told her that he could himself make out of it \$1,000. But it was a book which, though written with purely scientific design, she felt would do immeasurable damage to public morals. With the two large volumes which had cost her husband the work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire, and said to herself:

"There is a fortune for me in this book, and although my husband wrote it with the right motive, and scientific people might be helped by it, to the vast majority of people it would be harmful and I know it would damage the world."

She then took apart the manuscript, sheet after sheet, and put it into the fire until the last line was consumed.

Bravo! She hung her livelihood, her home, her chief worldly resources away for the best moral and religious interests of the world.—T. DeWitt Talmage.

there is no pain. Stand Capt. and Mrs. McAmmond conducted the funeral service. We pray that God will comfort Bro. Arpa and his two motherless boys.—M. Lott, Ensign.

HISTORY CLASS. IV. The French.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONVERSION OF GAUL.
A.D. 100-400.

Gaul could not be free in her own way, but the truth that she had been a Roman province was a fact that she could not deny. The Druids, though their worship was cruel, had better notions of the true God than the Romans with their multitude of idols, and when they heard more of the truth, many of them gladly embraced it. The Province was so near Rome that very soon after the Apostles had reached the great city, they sent out a Gaul. The people in Provence believe that Lazarus and his two sisters came thither, but this is not likely. However, the first Bishop of Arles was Trophimus, and we may quite believe him to have been the Episcopos who was with St. Paul in his third journey, and was at Jerusalem with him when he was made prisoner. Trophimus brought a service-book with him very like the one that St. John the Evangelist had drawn up for the Churches of Asia.

It was to Vienne, one of the Roman cities, that Pontius Pilate had been banished for his cruelty. In this town, and in the larger one at Lyons, there were many Christians, and their bishop was Pothinus, who had been instructed by St. John. It was many years before the Gallic Christians suffered any danger for their faith, not till the year 177, when Pothinus was full ninety years old.

Then, under the Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, a governor was sent to the Province who was resolved to put an end to Christianity. The difficulty was that there were no crimes of which to accuse the Christians. So he caused several slaves to be seized and put to torture, while they were asked questions. There were two young girls among them, Blandina and Bibia. Blandina was a weak, delicate maiden, but whatever pain they gave her, she still said, "I am a Christian, and no evil is done among us." Bibia, however, in her fright and agony, said "Yes" to all her tormentors asked, and accused the Christians of killing babies, eating human flesh, and all sorts of horrible things. Afterwards she was shocked at her own declaration, but was not a word of truth in what she had said, and so she was tried upon them. All were brave, but Blandina was the bravest of all. She did not seem to feel when she was put to sit on a red-hot iron chair, but encouraged her young brother through all. At last she was put into a net and tossed by a bull, and then, being found to be alive, her throat was pierced, everyone declaring that never a woman endured so much. The persecution did not last much longer after this, and the bones of the martyrs were collected and buried, and a church built over them; the same, though of course much altered, which is now the Cathedral of Lyons.

Instead of the martyred Pothinus, the new bishop was Irenaeus, a bold man, who left no many writings that he is counted as one of the fathers of the church. Almost all the towns of Lyons became Christians under his wise persuasion and good example, but the most people in the country were much less easily reached. Indeed, the word pagan, which means heathen, was only the old Latin word for peasant or villager. In the year 252, the Emperor Severus, who had himself been born in Lyons, sent out an edict against the Christians, and fierce Gauls in the adjoining country hearing of it, broke furiously into the city, and slaughtered over Christian they laid hands upon St. Irenaeus among them. There is an old mosaic pavement in a church at Lyons where the inscription declares that nineteen thousand died in this massacre; but it can hardly be believed that the number was so large.

(To be continued.)

Coming Events.

SINGING SPECIALS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 10th.

COLONEL JACOBSON GUELPH.
BRIGADIER SOUTHALL LIPPICOTT ST.
BRIGADIER COLLIER TEMPLE.

SPIRITUAL SPECIALS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL FUMHIRE Hamilton I., Mar. 10 to 24.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER PICKERING.—Omeo, Mar. 14, 15, 16; Peneloh Falls, Mar. 17; Lippicott, Mar. 22.

THE PROVINCIAL REVIVALIST will visit Omeo, Mar. 8 to 10; Peneloh Falls, Mar. 17 to 30; Orillia, April 1 to 14; Midland, April 15 to 28.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER HAMILTON assisted by MAJOR RAWLING.—London I., Sun, Mar. 7, to Sun, Mar. 15.

STAFF-CAPT. COOMES, J. S. Secretary.—London I., Thurs., Fri., Sat., and Sun., Mar. 12, 13, 14, 15.

SOUL-SAVING TROUPE.—Hospeler, Tues., Mar. 8, to Mon., Mar. 10; Heils, Tues., Mar. 17, to Mon., Mar. 29; Guelph, April 1 to 14.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Adj. Hyde.—Owen Sound, Mar. 14, 15; Chesley, Mar. 16; Neaford, Mar. 17; Collingwood, Mar. 18.
Ensign Poole.—Ogdenburg, Mar. 14, 15; Cornwall, Mar. 18, 19.
Ensign White.—London, Mar. 14, 15, 16.
Ensign Mercer.—Glasgow, Mar. 14; Emerson, Mar. 16, 17; Curran, Mar. 18, 19, 21.
Adj. Andrews.—Albion, Mar. 14, 15; Victor, Mar. 17; Sand Point, Mar. 18; Rutherford, Mar. 19; Spokane, Mar. 21.

A Remarkable People.

STRANGE TRAILS OF NATIVES OF FERNANDO PO.

Lieut. Berthelander, who has just returned to London from the island of Fernando Po, the island of Bapin in the Gulf of Biafra, Western Africa, gives an interesting description of the curious inhabitants of the practically unexplored interior of the island. These are known as "Boobies." Very few of them have ever seen a white man, and they never leave their primitive dwellings in the rocks except on organized drinking bouts. The race is fast dying out from the effects of

rum and palm wine. The natives are mostly quite naked, except for a curious straw bonnet. They paint their bodies with colored mud, are unsexually filthy, for they never wash, but occasionally use a knife to scrape off the surface dirt, and create artificial deformities by tightly constricting their limbs. The Fernando Po natives are exceedingly timid, and when sighted by the whites bolt into the depths of the jungle, where they eat up poisonous plants. At certain hours each day the villagers are quite deserted, everyone, including the children, going off on a canoe. The Lieutenant adds that, although he searched for them anxiously, he could find no trace of the burial place of the natives of the island.



To Parents, Relations, and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelina Booth, 20 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second Insertion.)

4100. TOOVEY, MRS. WILLIAM. Maiden name Sarah Parker. Height 4 ft. 6 in., has ash-blond hair, is rather sickly and inclined to be consumptive. Left Hants, Man., in July, 1902, for Winnipeg, Man., has not been heard of since.

4104. BOYD, WILLIAM, sometimes goes by the name of John. Age 32 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion, blue eyes, fair hair. Formerly worked as a cashier in a grocery in Glasgow, Scotland. He is supposed to be in Canada.

4108. BOWDEN, FRANK HENRY. Age 24 years, light brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Sometimes works in mines. Came from England eight years ago. Last heard from in Canmore, N.W.T.

4101. JACOB, SAMUEL. Age 21 years, single, height 5 ft., laborer. Left North Sydney for Manitoba in September, 1902. Is supposed to have returned to Toronto or Montreal. Friends very anxious.

4108. BRACH, JOHN. Shoemaker. Left his wife and six children in Trenton, Ont., in June, 1897. Previous to that had worked in Buffalo, N.Y. About 22 years of age, over 6 ft. in height, black curly hair, brown eyes, Roman nose, has a mark on the thumb of his right hand caused by a felon.

4109. FALCONER, WILLIAM DAVIDSON. Age, if living, 74 years. Left Toronto, Kincardine, Scotland, in 1890. Was last heard from as Freight Agent of the Great Western Railway, at Chatham, Ont., in 1903.

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Dick's Daisies.
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Who for the Kingdom.
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Little Lee.
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Violet in the Shade.
Simple Lessons from Nature.
To-day and Yesterday.
Hope.
Hand in Hand.
The Lady Cat's Park.
Robber's Rage.
Acting on the Square.
Gideon Brown.
A Tale of Two Stowaways.
Bennie, the Singer.

18c.—Continued.

Little Gem.
Oughts and Crosses.
Trot's Message.
Dolly's Charge.
Walter Stephen's Cross.
Pete and His Father.
The Good Hall.
Hello.
The Man with the Knapsack.
Bartholomew's Line.
Rob and Ralph.
Mistaken.
Lottie's Life Mistake.
Black Rony.
Bob and Bill.
Friends Will Be.
The Prosecuted Family.
Old David's Lesson.
The Knights of Albany.
The First Printer's Early Day.
Lottie and the Sunbeams.
Up to Mark.
Dorothy.
Bona May, or the Twin Roses.
Florence Rosa.
Four Little People.
Geordie's Victory.
Is He Clever?
Up to Mark.
Lottie's Life Mistake.
Missing the Schoolship.
Nellie's Work.
No Royal Road.
Ursula Wynn.
The Vacant Chair.
Right About Face.
Lost Maggie.
Those Boys.
A Lucky Forenoon.
Above the Breakers.
Alison Brand's Battle in Life.
Archib's Old Dog.
Bob and His Robbitts.
Choosing Her Way.
Dick of the Parodies.
Dick's Charge, and How He Fulfilled It.
Dorothy's Lavender.
The Dances of the School.
The Magic Kuxa.
Mistake Allowances.

18c.—Continued.

Margaret Ford, or What a Young Girl Can Do.
Marion's Repentance.
Marilyn's Boy.
On Stormy Night.
Sennam, the Faithful Kafir.
The Treasure on the Beach.
Velvet and Rags.
Willie Anson.
Oliver Cromwell.

25 CENTS EACH.

The Pilgrim's Progress.
Stepping Heavenward.
Christie's Saviour.
Mary Mordant.
Uncle Tom's Cabin.
Belling's Keynote.
The King's Army.
The King's Daughter.
The King's Diadem.
The Basket of Flowers.
Allie Stewart.
Little Woman.
Good Wives.
Old Luck Farm.
Rallied for the Faith.
Schooner on the Beach.
Mischievous Monks.
Morag Muelan.
Alexander McKay, Missionary.
Hero of Uganda.
Sir Samuel Baker.
The Story of David Livingstone.
The Story of Florence Nightingale.
Three Little Brothers.
Want Kitty Did.
My Grandmother's Picture.
The Story of John Martin.
Three Paths in Life.
Aunt Jane's Hero.
Geordie's Victory.
A Sunbeam's Influence.
Golden Silence.
Matthew Frost.
Bessie at the Seaside.
The Story of the Rock.
Master Martin.
Three Times Three.
Bessie among the Mountains.

25c.—Continued.

Bessie's Friends.
The Heroine of Brookleigh.
Percy Raydon.
One by Heaven.
Hetty Martin's Trial.
Caught in the Toils.
The Talked to be Conquerors.
Crunches from the Children's Table.
Driven into the Ranks.
Lifting of the Shadow.
Monica's Story and Claude Russell's Sister.
On Rocky Soil.
Ralph Roxburgh's Revenge.
Squire Lyman's Will.
Wolf and Gipsy.
Con's Acre.
Treasure Lost and Treasure Found.
The Life That Now Is.
Overcoming the World.
His Brother's Keeper.
The Story of President Lincoln.
The Story of Victoria, R. I.
The Story of Albert the Good.
Martin Luther.
Francis B. Willard.
John Bunyan.
Oliver Cromwell.
Phillips.
Lord Shaftesbury.
The Story of Catherine of Siena.
Jack Homer the II.
Sailor Jack.
The Christmas Stocking.
Mr. Rutherford's Children.
A Song of Sixpence.
Gau.
Nature's Gentlemen.
Three Little Sisters.
Three Little Brothers.
Daybreak of Old Meadow.
Boys Will Be Boys.
Ludovic, or the Boy's Victory.
Myra Sherwood's Cross.
Dolly.
God's Gifts to Bartram's.
It's All Real True.
The Story of the Rock.
Humpty Dumpty Silverbell.
Prize of the Tower.
Dorothy's Trust.



Songs for the Siege



The Holy Fire.

Tunes.—Come, comrades dear (B.B. 9); He lives (B.B. 138).

1 Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire,
Come, and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious blood;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.

Let nothing now my heart divide,
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee.
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Jesus, my glory be.

Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A linging, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than thyself, oh, do not give;
In might Thyself within me live;
Come, all Thou hast and art.

My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face;
Called the full strength of trust to prove.
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

Sound His Praises.

BY CAPT. M. GIBSON, NEWPORT, VT.
Tune.—Hallelujah, send the glory!

2 We're fighting for God,
And we trust in His word,
We're determined to conquer
Through Jesus our Lord.
Hallelujah! Sound His praises!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Sound His praises
Again and again!

How sweet it will be
When from sorrow we're free,
And we get home to Glory,
Our Saviour to see.

Hallelujah! we'll sing,
Till we make heaven ring
With the praises of Jesus,
Our Saviour and King.

Return to the Fold.

BY CAPT. LAVINIA A. PATTENEN.
Tune.—Where is my boy to-night?

3 Oh, once you did love and serve your Lord,
And walked in the paths of right,
But you have wandered in sin's dark night—
Return to the fold to-night.

Return to the fold to-night,
Return to the fold to-night,
Oh, spurn not His voice, but make Him your
choice,
Return to the fold to-night.

Remember the time you knelt in prayer,
With a heart by blood made white;
Your love has grown cold, you've left your Lord,
Return to the fold to-night.

You shared the cross in the open-air
In the fiercest of the fight,
But Satan said, "Choose an easier path."
Return to the fold to-night.

We Go Marching On.

BY F. HUNTER, THETIS ISLAND.
Tune.—Glory to His name (B.B. 38).

4 Onward we climb, up the mountain side,
Onward we press, 'gainst the raging tide,
Spreading the Gospel far and wide,
We go marching on.

Chorus.

We go marching on,
We go marching on,
Spreading the Gospel far and wide,
We go marching on.

Leaving the friends that we love so dear,
Laying aside every doubt and fear,
While there's a soul with a listening ear
We'll go marching on.

Where the sun shines, on a desert sand,
Far in the frozen north, we stand—
Down with the devil in every land—
We go marching on.

Then when the battle of life is o'er,
Up to the region above we'll soar,
Sweeping through heaven's open door,
We'll go marching on.

Come to the Fount of Life.

BY F. IBBOTSON.

Tune.—Wonderful words of life (N.B.B. 299).

5 Wanderer from the fold of grace,
Jesus will set you free;
Though upon Him you've brought disgrace,
Still He will set you free.
You've rejected the Saviour,
Yet He holds you in favor,
Do not delay, come while you may,
Come to the fount of life.

Once you served Him so faithfully,
Proving His power to keep you;
Once you told of His wondrous love,
Promising to be true;
But from Him you did sever,
Then denying Him ever;
Prodigal, come, still there is room,
Come to the fount of life.

There is nothing this world can give,
Only that fades away,
Bringing anguish and aching void,
Further you'll drift away.
Christ alone can give pleasure,
Pressing down and good measure;
Seek Him to-day, come while you may,
Come to the fount of life.

I Want to Be Saved.

BY BRIGADIER T. H. COLLIER.

Tune.—I want to go there, I do.

6 To-night, poor lost sinner, let this be your
cry,
I want to be saved, I do!
I've wandered from God, to destruction come
nigh,
I want to be saved, I do!
I'll come to the cross and forsake all my sin,
I want to be saved, I do!
Oh, pardon the past and just now take me in,
I want to be saved, I do!

Chorus.

I want to be saved, I want to be saved,
I want to be saved, I do!
I want to be saved, I want to be saved,
I want to be saved, I do!

For years I have grieved Thee and broken Thy
laws,
I want to be saved, I do!
I've done many things that have injured Thy
cause,

I want to be saved, I do!
I deserve to be banished away from Thy face,
I want to be saved, I do!
But humbly I'm seeking Thy pardoning grace,
I want to be saved, I do!

I promise Thee now, if my sins Thou'lt forgive,
I want to be saved, I do!
The rest of my days for my Master I'll live,
I want to be saved, I do!

I'll try to win others, by Satan held fast,
I want to be saved, I do!
And then, through the blood, I'll reach heaven
at last,
I want to be saved, I do!

For You I Am Praying.

Tune.—For you I am praying (B.J. 227).

7 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in Glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth
friends be few,
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And, oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour
too!

Chorus.

For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in hea-
ven,

But, oh, may He lead you to go with me, too!

When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour, too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to
Glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered
for you!

Oh, Turn Ye!

Tunes.—My Jesus, I love Thee (B.J. 54); Oh,
turn ye (B.J. 86).

8 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why will ye
die
When God, in great mercy, is drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion that while you delay
Your heart may grow better by staying away?
Come wretched, come starving, come just as
you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirits when summoned to die,
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky?

Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

Besieged.

To besiege is to place around or before a beleagued city an army, with the object of compelling them to surrender. This is often done under cover of advanced works, which protect the besiegers from the enemy's fire. A siege differs from a blockade. In the latter all avenues of approach are cut off, communication and supplies stopped, thereby starving out the garrison. This is usually a slow process, which does not always bring about the desired results. A siege, as a rule, is the most successful method, and brings quicker results. We must not be satisfied with a blockade. No, no! It is a "Siege." A Siege of the Lost, and we must use force and save souls as by fire. The command has been given.

We must go at things in a definite manner, locating the enemy, surrounding him, and taking the situation by force. Ours is a Gospel of compulsion, and the situation will not be taken without good leadership. Strategy must be employed, which means doing things at the opportune moment. Taking the enemy by surprise; doing the opposite to what he expects. Be on the alert to bring about a successful issue. The leader must think, plan, pray, work, and be up-to-date in the science of spiritual warfare. Do not be satisfied with merely blockading the enemy, although this will be necessary, but press on, take the city, town, and village for God and the Salvation Army, under the protection and care of the Lord of Hosts. It is a battle to the finish, and an unconditional surrender. It is a Siege! The Siege of the Lost! Forward!—Eastern Star.

